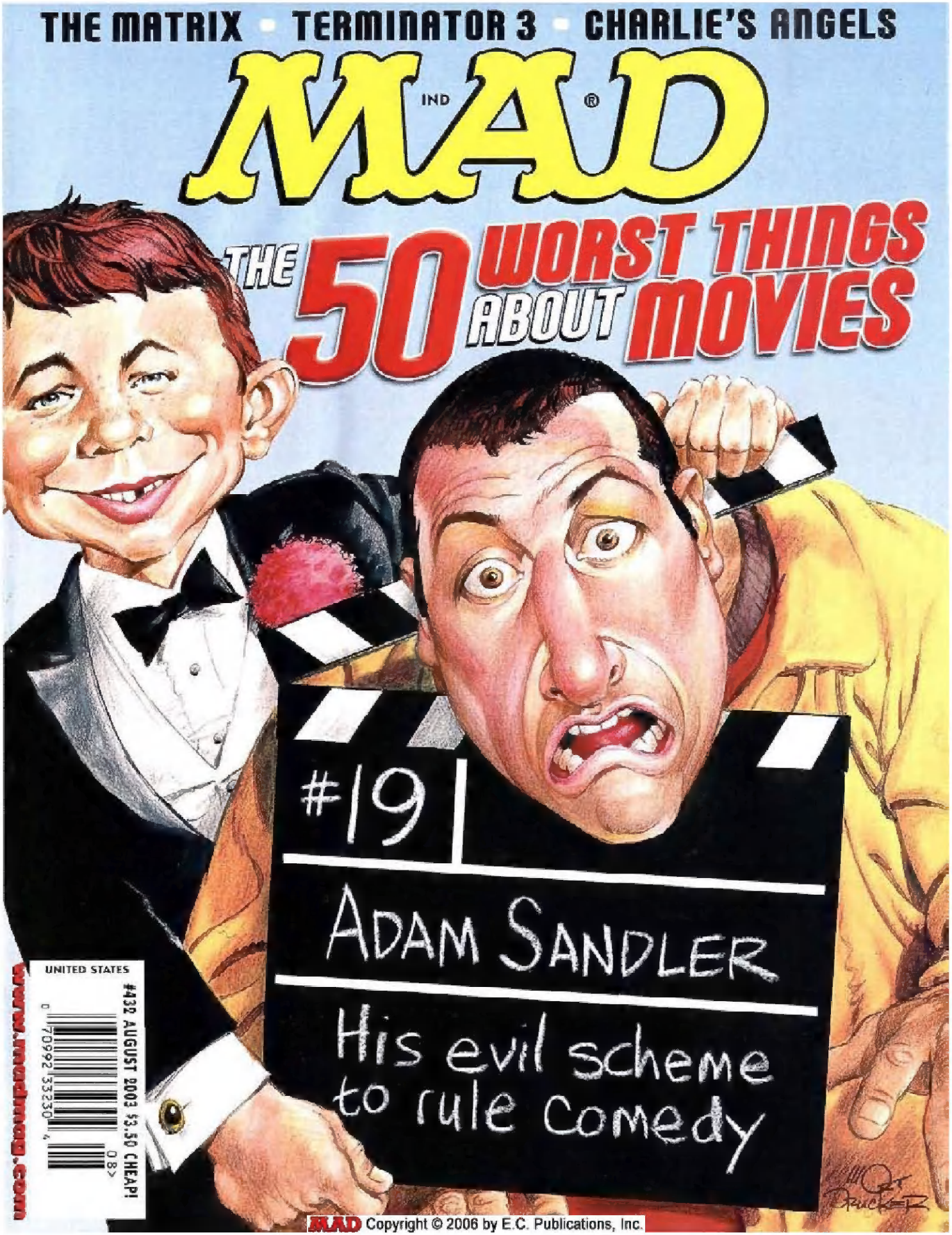

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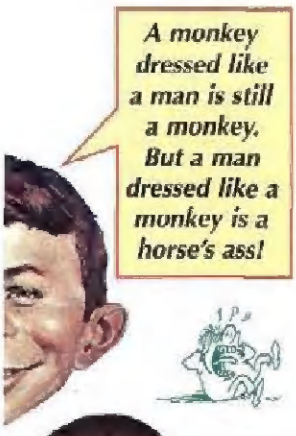

MAD

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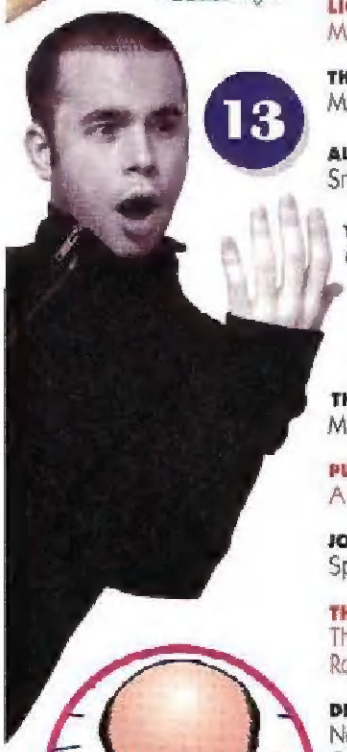

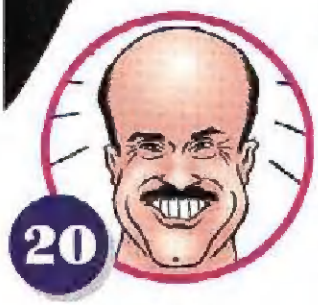

FRONT COVER ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

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SIGNS OF TROUBLE

I'm a deaf fan of your magazine and a big fan of John Caldwell's stuff — I usually go straight to his articles. Who knew people drawn with barely imperceptible chins could be so funny? I'm writing to see if Mr. Caldwell was aware that his basketball player attempting to call a time-out (issue #428 page 42) with a thumb looks like he's using the ASL sign for sh**? Just wondering.

Eddie Bart, Arlington, TX

Barts — We contacted John Caldwell, and in between making personal body noises, he informed us that the gesture you refer to *may* represent the ASL (American Sign Language) sign for sh. However, he emphatically assures us that the player he drew was using *ISL* (Italian Sign Language), in which that gesture means "Time out — and while you're at it, bring me another plate of gnocchi, Tony!" Grazie and ciao! —Ed.**

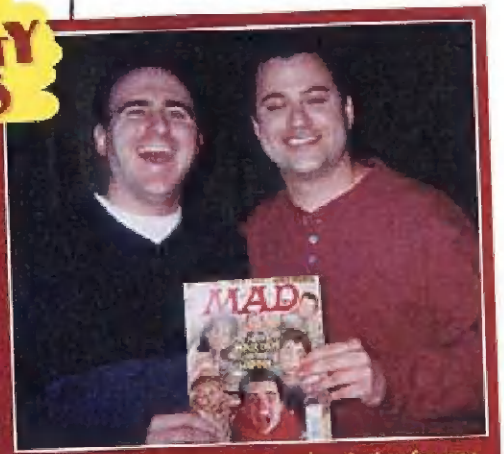
PUTTING THE PEDAL TO THE MENTAL

This is in regards to your March 2003 issue (MAD #427), specifically the NASCAR portion. Although some of your jokes (and I use this term loosely) were somewhat amusing, I found that others were inconsiderate, insensitive and very ignorant. On page eight, your comment about "downplaying the gruesomeness of fatal crashes" was totally uncalled for. You have no business disrespecting the family members of those who have perished in a racecar. And you have no right to "imply" that NASCAR officials are as uncompassionate as you at MAD are. As for your comments about NASCAR drivers not being athletes, well they are one hundred times the athletes that you are writers. They show skill, endurance, stamina and heart. Whereas you sit in a little office and make fun of something you wish you could never do. These drivers risk their lives every time they step into their cars. They drive under extreme pressure and conditions. You have no business downplaying what they do for a living. I hope you realize that you look like fools now. P.S. NASCAR drivers do not ever jump out of their cars engulfed in "invisible" flame. That would be methane, which NASCAR doesn't use. Yet another mistake you made.

Kacy Oard, Redondo Beach, CA

KO'd — You have opened our eyes. Up till now, we thought NASCAR fans were toothless, slack-jawed, inbred, mulleted, Skoal-chewing, moonshine-distilling, *Dukes of Hazzard*-watching bumpkins who couldn't read or write. Thanks for proving us wrong — you *can* more or less read and write! Thanks for writing, y'all! —Ed.

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



Keeping a MAD Magazine in my car finally paid off! It's almost as if Jimmy's saying "Blink and you'll miss my show!"

Ryan Hopak, Hollywood, CA

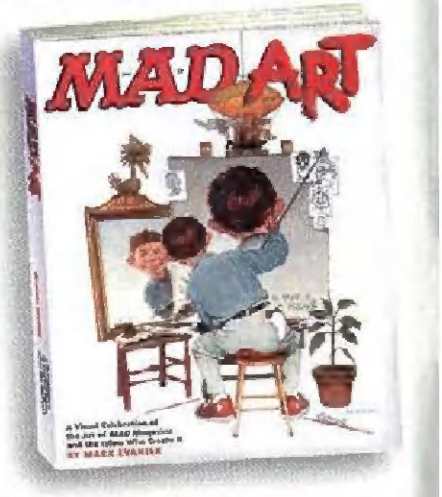
Congrats to Ryan, who snagged a three-year subscription for posing with Jimmy Kimmel. While on the set, Kimmel offered — and later begged — Ryan to co-host his show. Wisely, Ryan declined!

TAKING A MOMENT TO REFLECT

I noticed that the mirror image of Alfred E. Neuman on the cover of *MAD Art* drawn by Richard Williams is not a mirror image. Alfred's missing tooth is right of center and his part is on the left, identical to a direct portrait. I thought it might be a hidden joke, but Alfred's part in the mirror reflection does not correspond to the part on the back-of-the-head view of him. After reading Mark Evanier's book, I wonder if anyone has ever drawn a mirror image of Alfred.

Gene Phillip, Great Falls, VA

Gene Val Gene — We were happy to receive your letter because it gives us a chance to once again plug *MAD Art*, published by Watson-Guptill and available wherever books are sold. As for the answer to your query, we have a secret message just for you...hold this page up to a mirror to find out what it is! YOU'RE A SCHMUCK! —Ed.



WHAT, ME CRAZY?

I am writing to inform you of the recent passing of my sanity. The sanity in question was found lying on a deserted stretch of I-95 clutching the Letters Page of MAD, its broken fist to the sky mumbling in Urdu with its last breath of air. I blame not the benevolent editors or contributors of MAD, but the chemical composition of the Letters Page which led to my sanity's demise. Apparently, the issue was found to contain a lethal combination of squirrel blood, arsenic and bad punch lines, the latter which proved to be fatal to sanities in recent clinical tests.

Forest Davis, Kirtland, OH

Davey — Your thoughtful, well-reasoned letter alarmed us, so we sent the Letters Page in question to the lab for chemical analysis. They found no toxic ingredients. Because the lab was running a "2 for 1" special, we decided to send your missive to the lab as well. What we found will shock you! Whereas our ink didn't contain squirrel's blood, the ink in yours contained equal parts of Monkey Juice, Love Bug Brew and your DNA! Run Forest, Run! —Ed.

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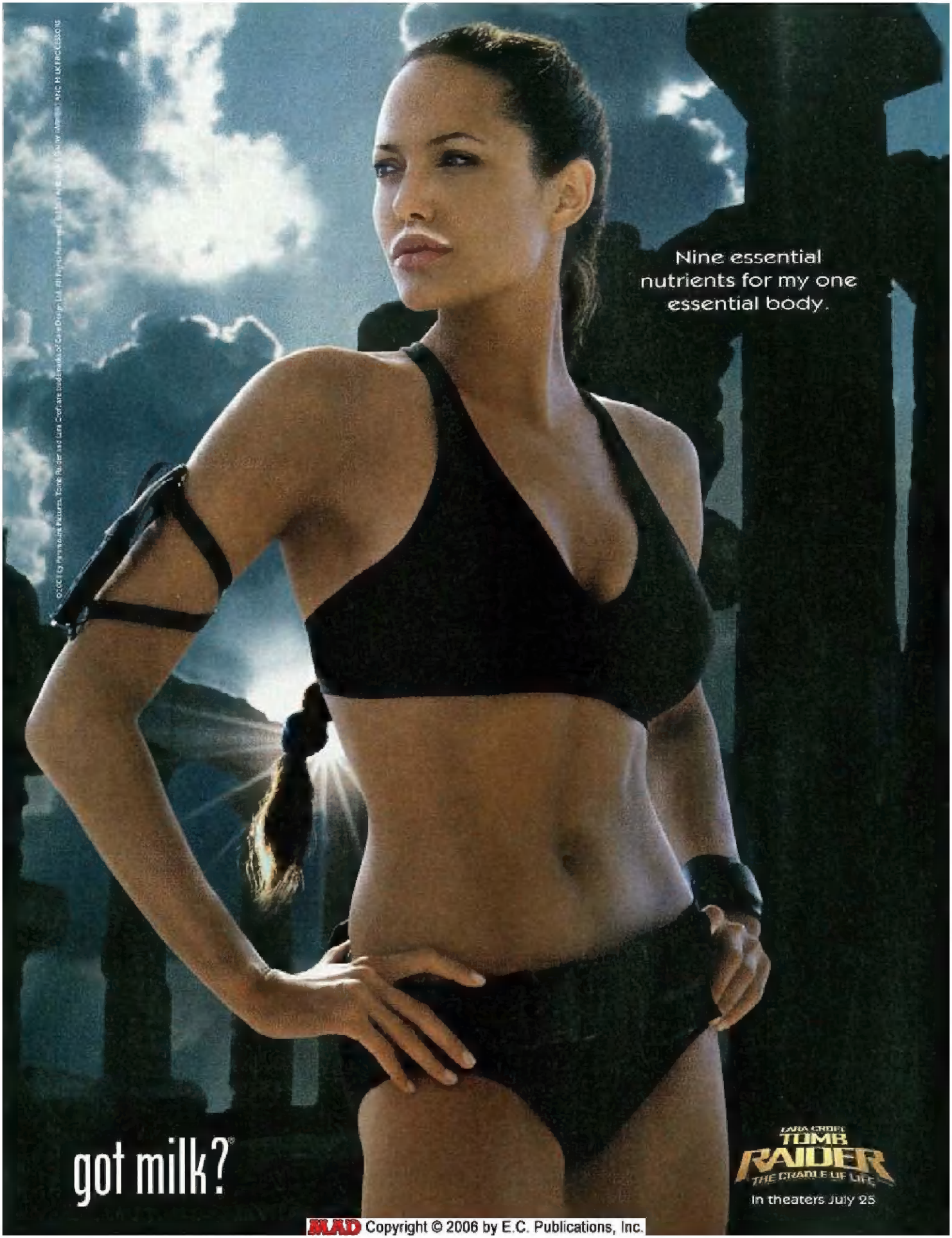
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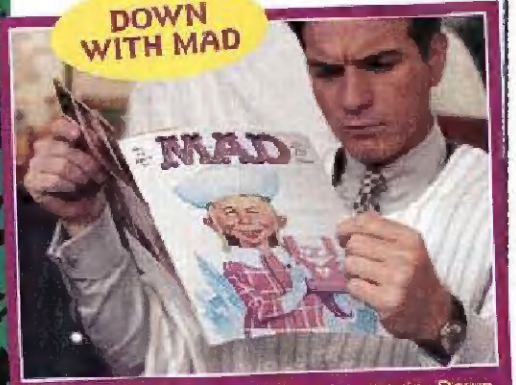
A MARGINAL REPLY

I have a complaint about those "Drawn Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragones. I waste valuable time — no, make that invaluable time — trying to figure out what's going on. The images in which my eye-staring has prevailed were well drawn and funny, the problem is the pictures are too small and my eyesight is horrible. I understand space is limited, but I also understand you all cherish your faithful readers, so I demand that your fine publication arrange for me to have eye surgery to improve my vision. If this is too much trouble, I will accept a top of the line, comfy-grip magnifying glass. I'm poor, I'm blind and I'm desperate. Please look deep into your pockets and do the right thing.

Derrick Bell, Federal Way, WA

Yo, D! — Your letter touched us deeply, but there is no way we're going to spend a penny on you for eye surgery, magnifying glasses or even a little travel-size bottle of Visine that they sell in pharmacies (aisle five, we think). But we're not heartless. As we pondered your problem, we came up with a novel, dare we say brilliant, win/win solution. Merely subscribe to MAD XL, which features selected "Drawn Out Dramas" in their original large, retina-pampering size. Calling 1-800 4-MADMAG to order will end all your problems (provided you are able to read this response)! —Ed.

DOWN WITH MAD



Those who have seen the new movie *Down With Love* have no doubt also seen Ewan McGregor's character reading a custom-made 60s-era issue of MAD. The producers hired long-time MAD artist Richard Williams to create a phony MAD cover of Renee Zellweger's character as Alfred. A great showcase for Williams and a sure-fire kiss of death for the film!

NEXT MONTH IN MAD!

Our full-blown spoof of *The Matrix Reloaded!*
Plus...The Differences Between Hogwarts and Your School and A Video Gamer's Guide to Real Life!

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This fine publication includes: our *Terminator 2* spoof, Don Martin gorilla gags, *Tomb Raider* products and Artist of the Month: Paul Peter Porges!

SLANG SHOT

I am a 66-year-old fan of MAD. I have a statue of Alfred on my dresser — honest! I have a question that's been nagging me for several years. What was it that Alfred used to say? Was it "It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide"? I would appreciate your clarifying what he said.

Jerry Sloan, Davidson, NC

Sloan Ranger — The phrase you wrote is correct, but was never uttered by Mr. Neuman. As for its meaning, we haven't the slightest idea. So we leave it to you dear readers. What do you think "It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide" means? Send your responses to: Amy "The Big Rozzer" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. We will print the best answers in an upcoming issue! —Ed.

MAD MUMBLINGS @AOL.COM

Why is it so easy to burn your house down, but so hard to build a fire in the fireplace? — Crackers...I eat to live to eat — Danger Poet...I like to fly at night while the sun is up — Turacito...If my keyboard has a broken "M" key, how should I spell MAD? — ejn...Why can a pizza get to your house faster than an ambulance? — maryfromprocessing... I've seen Barney in ankle socks — Fah Uhl...Soup on toast is good — FreakofNature...Don't blow your nose with wet hands — biggoofy... Anthropomorphic noodles have the juiciest gossip — Goodbick.

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the usual gang of idiots

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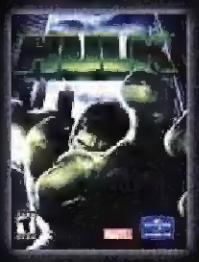

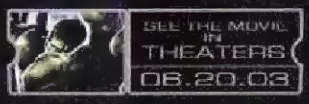

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LIGHTS, CAMERA, INFRACTIONS DEPT.

From the gratingly cutesy films of Reese Witherspoon to the unwelcome, very minor comeback of Steven Seagal to Woody Allen's creepy insistence on casting young bombshells as his love interests, there is much that's wrong with the movies and the movie-going experience today. It's a daunting task to narrow it down to a list of only 50 offenses, so don't be surprised if we wind up doing a sequel (which probably won't be nearly as good). In the meantime, feast your eyes upon...

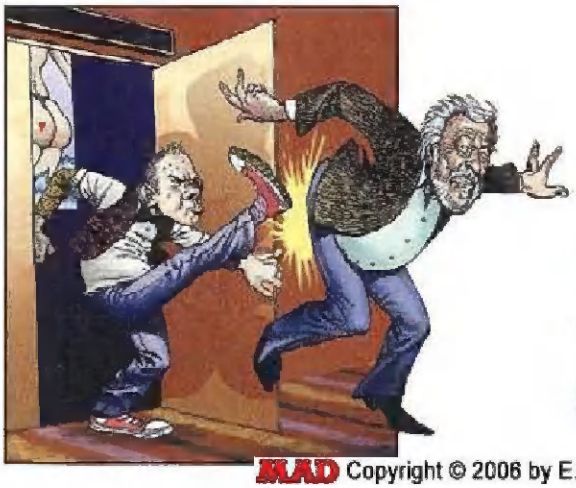
MAD's 50 WORST THINGS ABOUT... MOVIES

1 Hollywood's embarrassingly tired theory that the whiter, older, and more feeble someone is, the funnier it is to see them acting like a young black rapper.

2 James Bond's gradual evolution from a beloved spy series to a two hour, product-placement-packed Sharper Image commercial.

3 Knowing that Keanu Reeves pulls down something like $20 million per film while your kid brother, who had a non-speaking role as a tree in a first grade production of *The Seasons*, is a significantly more accomplished thespian and does the job for free.

4 That pain-in-the-ass minimum wage teenage multiplex employee who actually gives a damn if you sneak into another film after the one you paid to see is over.



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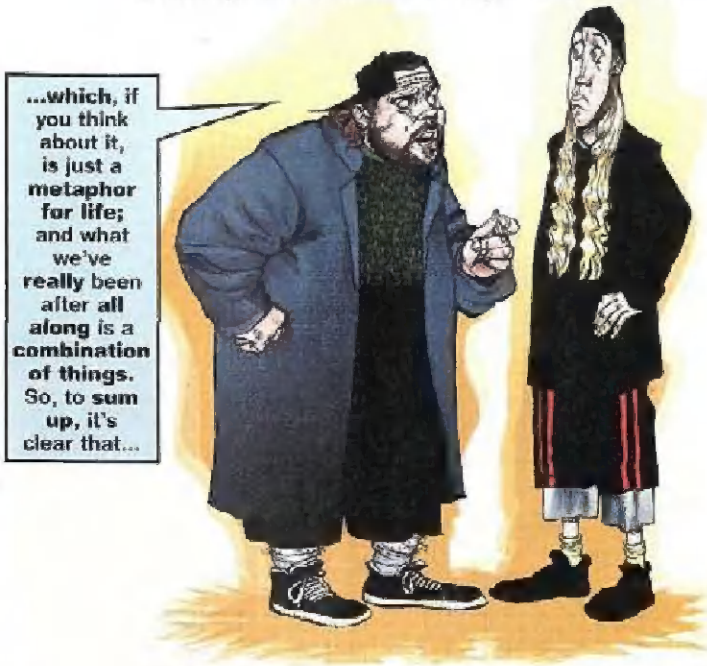
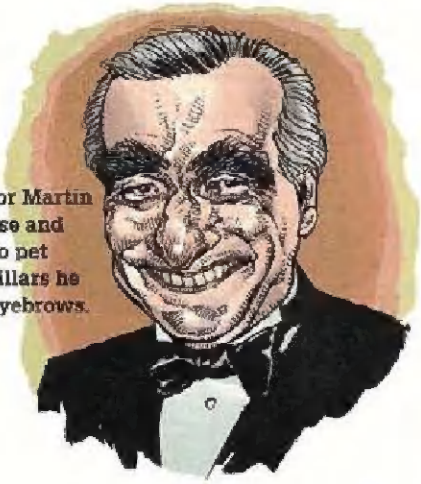
5 Bigger budgets, enormous advances in special effects and almost 20 years to work on the screenplays, yet still, the new *Star Wars* movies just SUCK compared to the first three.

6 Writer/director/almost-actor Kevin Smith's "Silent Bob" vanity character and his tired plot-solving device of dispensing words of wisdom during the film's final ten minutes, once Smith *finally* runs out of genitalia jokes and frantically realizes he needs to tie up all those loose ends.


...which, if you think about it, is just a metaphor for life; and what we've really been after all along is a combination of things. So, to sum up, it's clear that...

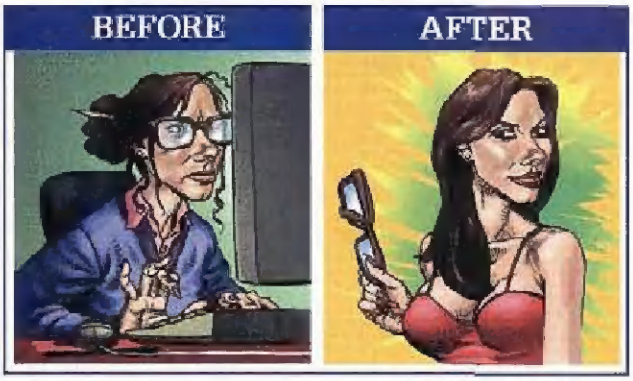
7 Before a movie starts, having to put up with a seemingly endless string of lousy songs you've never heard of, off soundtracks from films you have no interest in seeing, while the screen bombards you with ads for local stores and obscenely overpriced Milk Duds, plus movie trivia a two-year-old could answer, all being assigned the presumptuous title of "pre-show entertainment."

8 Director Martin Scorcese and his two pet caterpillars he calls eyebrows.



9 Big screen versions of lame old sitcoms, the main "draw" of which is to provide us with two-hour versions of shows we couldn't sit through a single 22-minute episode of. Oh yeah, and the "thrill" of seeing how, with a multi-million dollar budget, the set decorator was able to recreate, say, *The Brady Bunch*'s living room.

10 That one-trick-pony Sandra Bullock has managed to carve out a hugely successful career playing the same slightly nerdy, working-class woman who suddenly becomes irresistibly sexy *the moment she pulls off her glasses.*



11 The ever-smug, size-to-match-his-ego blowhard Michael Moore, whose lunatic leftist rantings almost make us nostalgic for the days of Senator Joe McCarthy's Hollywood blacklist.

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA WRITER: SCOTT MAIKO

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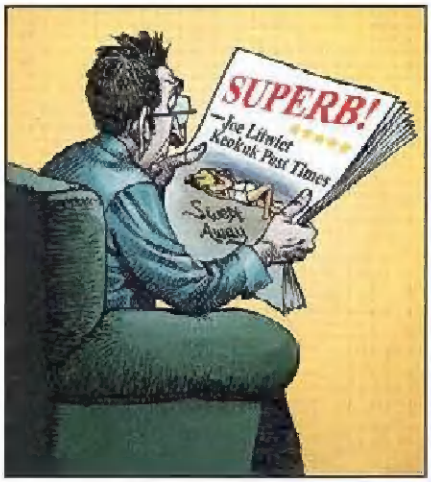
12 The guaranteed good press any desperate director of a bad film can buy from Harry Knowles of ain't-it-cool-news.com for the price of an advance screening and a large cheese trough from The Swiss Colony.

13 Each year's spate of Lorne Michaels-produced films based on skits that *Saturday Night Live* ran into the ground at least three years prior.

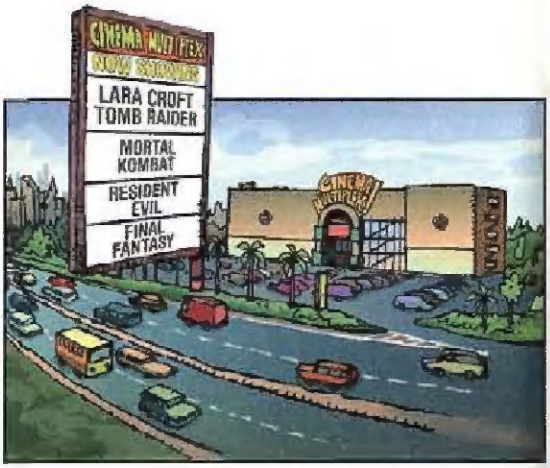
14 Glowing reviews for horrible films by nobody film critics from unheard-of publications written solely for the novelty of seeing their names in a highly visible nationwide ad campaign.



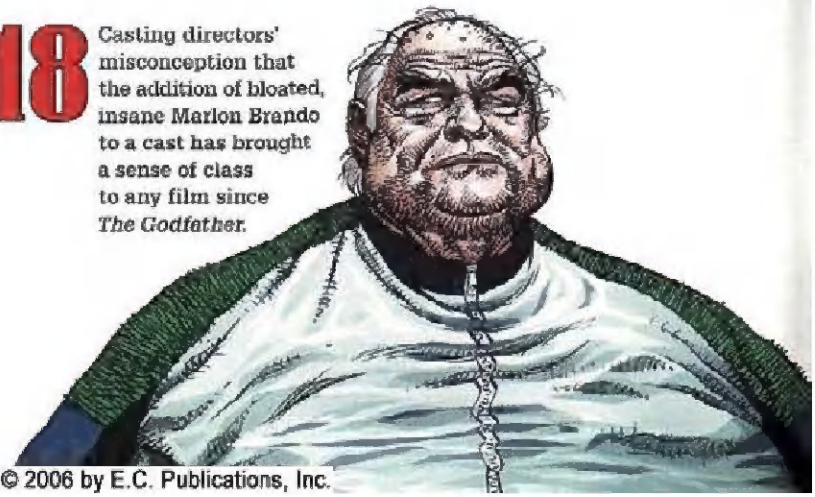
15 Young movie-goers today don't realize that there was a time, very long ago, when the words "National Lampoon" preceding a movie's title was actually a *good* sign.

16 Movie theater concessions' growing trend of offering foods that are difficult enough to eat neatly while seated comfortably at a table with proper silverware and adequate lighting, let alone trying to chow down in a cramped space, in the dark, with food on your lap and a plastic spork.

17 There are talented screenwriters crafting countless original, worthy and compelling scripts each year — none of which get produced to instead make room at the multiplex for the next piece of Hollywood crap based on a PlayStation game.



18 Casting directors' misconception that the addition of bloated, insane Marlon Brando to a cast has brought a sense of class to any film since *The Godfather*.



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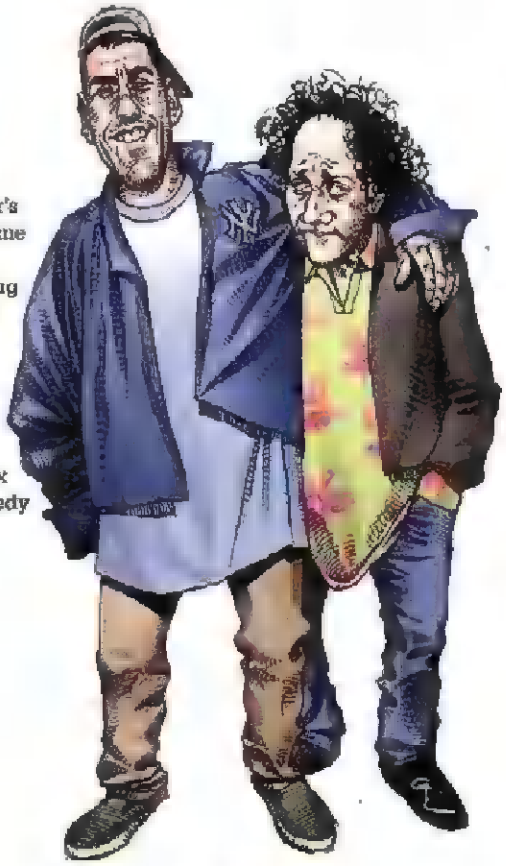
19 Adam Sandler's cunning scheme of producing movies starring the even-less-funny Rob Schneider, thereby making his own films look like Marx Brothers comedy classics in comparison.



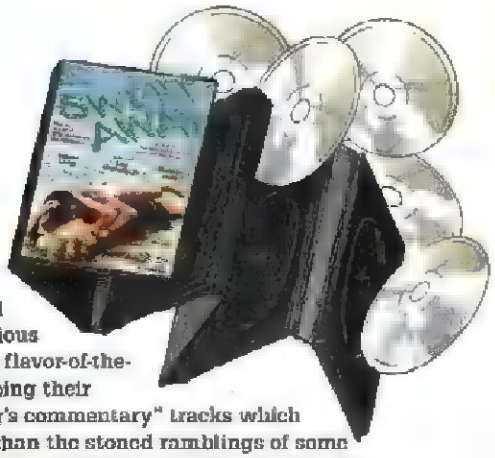
20 The unpleasant, uneasy feeling guys experience as their testicles ascend firmly back into their bodies while being dragged to and forced to sit through yet another chick flick.

21 Those "frequent movie-goer" clubs that generously reward you for thirty paid full-price admissions with a free upgrade from the $3.50 small popcorn to the $4.00 medium size.

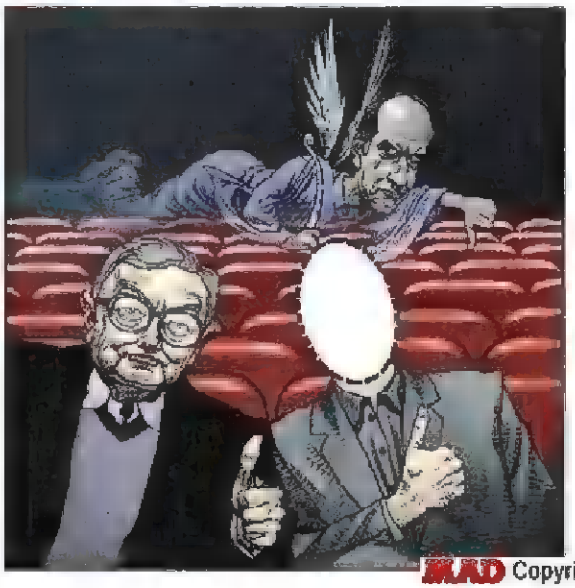
22 Nit-picky, geeky losers who ruin your favorite flicks by pointing out continuity, technical, or anachronistic problems that you hadn't noticed before but now can't ignore.

23 That master of pretension, M. Night Shyamalan, along with his self-indulgent cameos and "surprise" movie endings that a pre-kindergartner could predict.

24 "Special Edition" DVDs boasting extended scenes that the film's editor had cut out with very good reason, oh-so-hilarious outtakes featuring flavor-of-the-month actors flubbing their lines, and "director's commentary" tracks which are nothing more than the stoned ramblings of some unqualified hack who got his start by showing "great vision" on a Lil' Bow Wow video. Pretty "special," huh?



25 That guy who took over for Gene Siskel... you know...what's-his-name.



26 The general public's recent accessibility to industry grosses, so even supermarket baggers in Wichita can finally realize the dream of talking like a studio head at the office on Monday morning.

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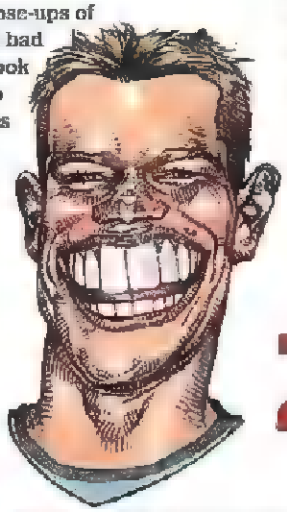
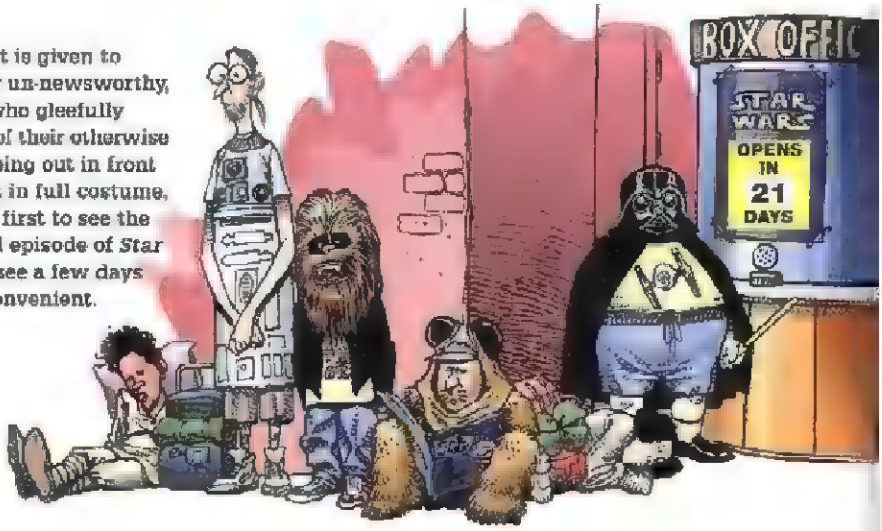
27 Extreme close-ups of actors with bad caps who look like they've got big rows of Chiclets in their mouth.



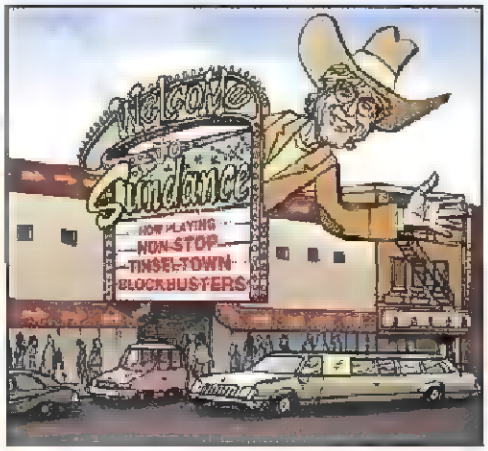
28 All the press that is given to those completely un-newsworthy, pathetic losers who gleefully sacrifice weeks of their otherwise empty lives camping out in front of theaters, often in full costume, to be among the first to see the latest over-hyped episode of *Star Wars* that you'll see a few days later when it's convenient.



29 That after being gouged for the high ticket and snack prices, you're guilted into plunking more money into tin cans benefitting a foundation named after Will Rogers, a man whose renowned pithy sayings curiously never covered the subject of being gouged for high ticket and snack prices and then guilted into plunking more money into tin cans.

30 The troubling lack of buddy movies in which two mismatched cops hate each other at the beginning of the film and end up hating each other even more by the end.

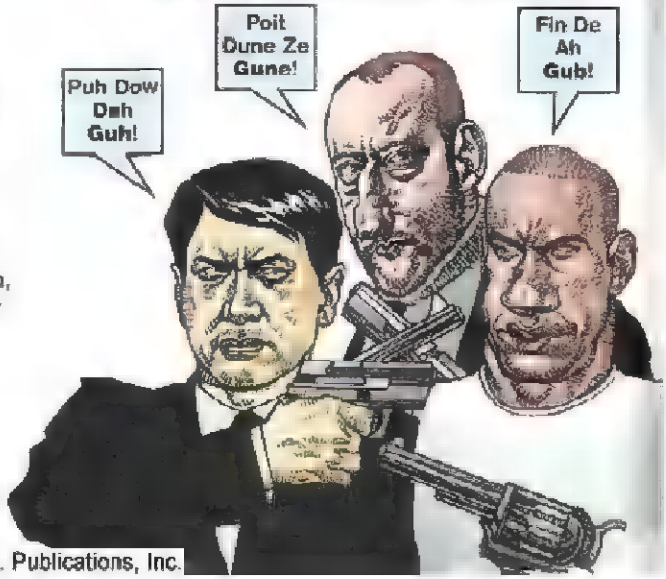
31 Sundance's rapid devolution from a prestigious film festival featuring artsy, low-budget, independent films to its current status as a pretentious, over-hyped "showcase" pandering to the big Hollywood studios from which it was originally distancing itself.



32 The mathematical law that proves the number of "wacky" roles Mike Myers plays in a film is inversely proportional to how funny the film is.

33 The now-common studio practice of releasing all of their well-made, classy films in December in hopes of getting Oscar consideration, meaning the other 11 months of the year we're subjected to nothing but their second-rate, unsuccessful "B-quality" drock.

34 The studios' insistence on casting Chow Yun-Fat, Jean Reno and other foreign stars who can barely speak English, when we already have enough trouble understanding American actors like Vin Diesel and Michael Rapaport.



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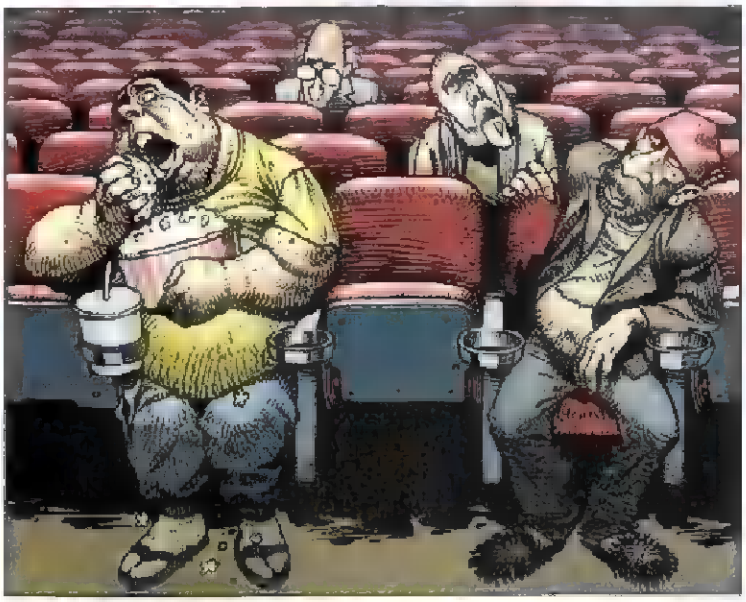
35

Disney's shameful practice of pillaging its library of animated classics to grind out half-baked, mind-numbing "sequels" with none of the charm or wit of the original.

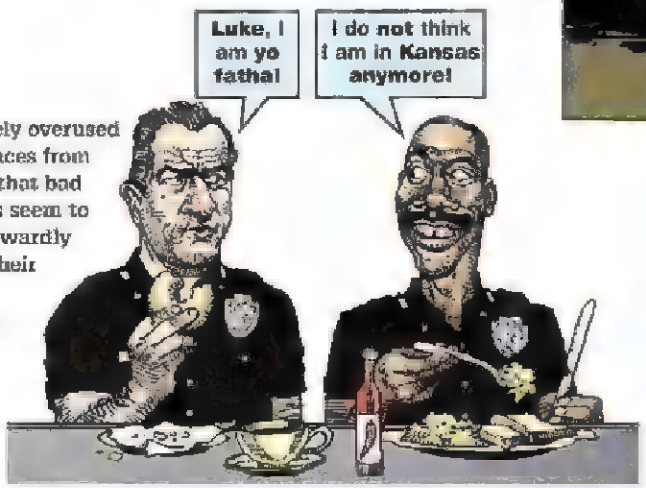
36

That odd, unemployable crowd that attends non-holiday weekday afternoon matinees.



37

Any completely overused movie references from classic films that bad screenwriters seem to insist on awkwardly forcing into their films for a cheap laugh.



38

Multiple-angle-obsessed directors who take five minutes to show a ten-second explosion.

40

Subtitled foreign films so wordy you have to choose between reading what the characters are saying, watching what they're doing, or desperately trying to recall what you learned in that one semester of Finnish you took on a dare.

39

Squeezing another seventeen bucks out of a gullible public by producing "Music Inspired by the Motion Picture.." soundtracks that consist of songs that didn't appear in or have anything to do with the film, and were recorded long before it was possible for the songwriters and musicians to have seen even a rough cut of the film that "inspired" them.

41

A quarter of a century after *Saturday Night Fever* and 75 pounds later, directors still have John Travolta dance.

42

That Mr. Moviefone guy. We just don't like the tone of his voice.

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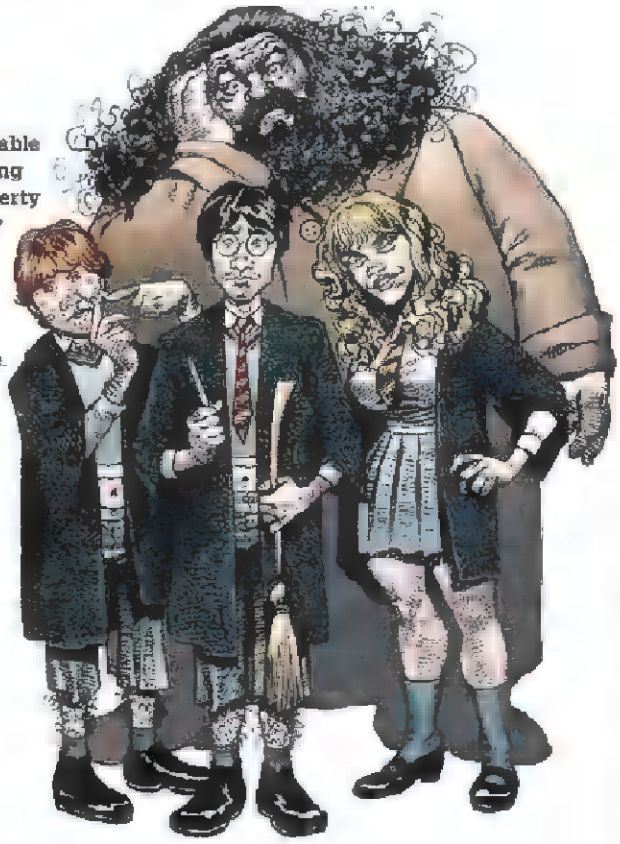
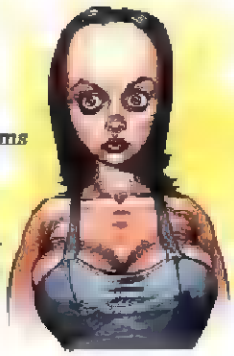
43 Just when you thought that your movie choices had been happily simplified to action, comedy, horror or chick-flick, the dreaded musical rears its ugly head again.

44 The unavoidable and disturbing onset of puberty on the *Harry Potter* cast that all the wizards in Hogwarts can't reverse.



45 The critical praise showered on Christina Ricci when she was eight years old for possessing the enormous talent to recite her *Addams Family* lines in a dull, emotionless monotone that propelled her into countless other roles where she's polished her "craft" enough to now recite her lines in a dull, emotionless monotone with big boobs.



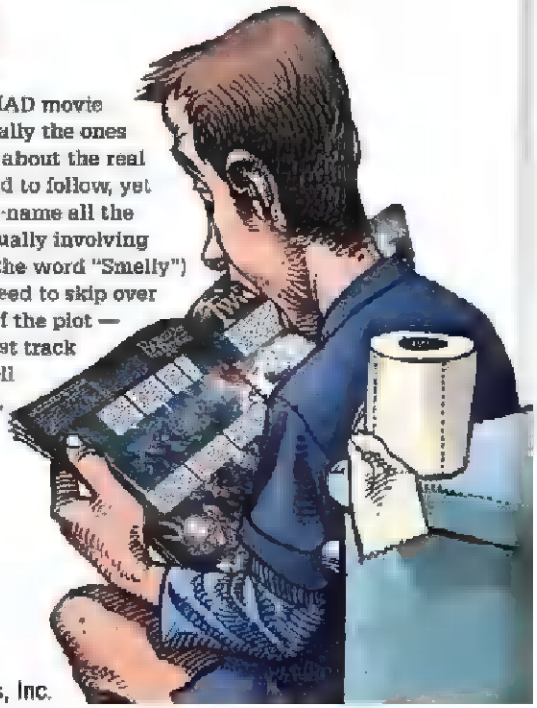
46 The unsettling fact that those all-but-forgotten one-hit wonders Katrina and the Waves have probably retired as millionaires from their song "Walking on Sunshine" being licensed for every other movie trailer of the last fifteen years.

47 The "pity role" Ron Howard throws to his dentally-challenged brother Clint in each of his films.

48 After the movie starts, that nauseating feeling you get when the projectionist has forgotten to dim the lights, center the frame or turn on the sound, leaving you with three lousy options: 1) Turn around and glare angrily in the general direction of the booth. 2) Shout at the top of your lungs, "Focus!" 3) Go to the lobby and complain to an usher who's busy dipping his mangy paws directly into the popcorn bin. Any way you slice it, you're missing a good chunk of the movie, and they ain't exactly gonna rewind it for you.

49 Rip-offs of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*-type moves and slo-mo, 360-degree *Matrix*-type pans that were once used to enhance genuine martial arts talents are now employed mostly to allow hacks like Drew Barrymore, DMX and that dude who played Stifler in *American Pie* to look cool and "kick ass."

50 Those inane MAD movie satires, especially the ones that complain about the real film being hard to follow, yet confusingly re-name all the characters (usually involving variations on the word "Smelly") and then proceed to skip over huge chunks of the plot — until you've lost track of what the hell you're reading, give up and skip right to the Fold-In.



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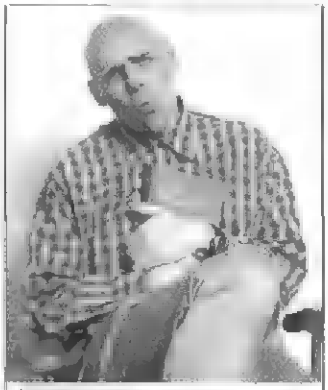
MAD'S PHOTO PERSONALS GALLERY

THE MEN

Not long ago, we ran a photo personals gallery, giving our lonely, desperate male readers (Is there any other kind with this magazine?) the chance to choose from the most eligible (and equally lonely and desperate) single women on the market. Due to an overwhelming reader response (It was negative, of course, but it was all the encouragement we needed!), we decided it was high time we gave the men *their* chance to find true love. As ABC followed up *The Bachelor* with *The Bachelorette*, we now unashamedly present...



ZEBEDIAH Don't worry, I'm not one of those guys who thinks about sex all the time. Well, not anymore. I cut off my genitals as instructed in Matthew 19:12. No smokers or Libras please. BOX 108

DONATELLUS African-American hairdresser. I'm not gay. Being a member of one oppressed minority group is quite enough, thank you very much. Seeking wealthy white woman for love, expenses, guilt trips. BOX 104

HARVEY Do you like piña coladas? Rum & Coke? Beer? Thunderbird wine? Anything else containing alcohol? So do I! Can you give me some for free? If not, how about lending me $10...for, um, bus fare? BOX 802

BRODY In the photo, last row, 4th from left — sensitive, New Age man, in touch with his feminine side. (For instance, I have ovaries.) Holds doctorate in racquetball from Harvard Divinity School; into S but not M. Seeks woman w/good taste in wallpaper. BOX 636.

FARLEY Are you a 25-40-year-old woman looking for that father figure you never had? I can be that man! All I ask is that you help me wash my Town Car, help me into and out of hot baths and find my dentures on those occasions when I misplace them. Enjoy long, confused walks in the rain. Have meaningful talks together, or just listen as I mutter to myself. BOX 599

ZACH I used to work at Chippendales (the furniture company, that is) and at Big Frank's Couch Barn (a local male strip bar). But I'm very sensitive, not a macho jerk. I cry at the sight of fuzzy kittens, sunsets and almost everything else. But I'm taking Zoloft now, so that should clear up real soon. BOX 777

PERSONAL OF THE MONTH

STANWICK Successful lawyer, looking for female companion (hereinafter known as "you"). Must be not younger than twenty-three (23) and not older than forty (40) years of age. You are required to be devoted, defined as: "feeling or showing great love, commitment, or loyalty to somebody or something, especially over a long period of time."[1] You should also enjoy and/or willingly participate in activities including — but not limited to — walks on the beach during the evening, thus defined as: "the part of the day between afternoon and night, as daylight begins to fade."[2] BOX 294

1. Encarta World English Dictionary, St. Martin's Press, 1999
2. ibid.

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MAD'S PHOTO PERSONALS GALLERY

THE MEN

TRISTRAM Merger strategist at AOL Time Warner, Enron stockholder, huge Red Sox fan. Looking for just the right woman to help me get lucky in love! BOX 463

MACK 5'6", 130lbs., ready for action day and night! Willing to do nude housework, but for God's sake, nothing with a staple gun, please. BOX 820

ARI 54. Philosophy professor. Looking for love, depending on how you define "love," assuming such a concept even exists apart from our existential plane of comprehension. Must have nice breasts. BOX 030

LANCE Tired of looking through boring, phony singles ads to find a date? Oops! — I won't even waste your time then. BOX 991

MYRON I want a woman who can make my heart race, give me a lump in my throat, make my head spin, cause searing intestinal cramps and induce kidney failure. (That's what I call true love!) BOX 986

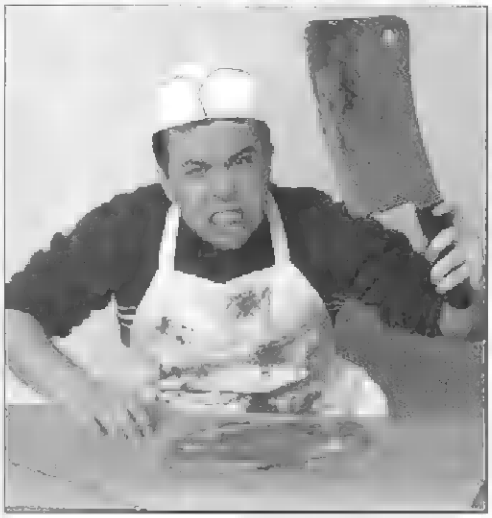
GROVER Computer programmer, counselor at Klingon language camp, looking for a girl to be jIH ratlhDaq! ;). Oh, by the way, I just won $37 million in the lottery last month and want to be your personal "sugardaddy"! Too bad none of you bothered to read this far. No "Scotty" fans. BOX 406

LATIMER Fictional man, ancillary character. Seeking well-written, female protagonist for dramatic dialogue during obligatory romantic scene. No plot complications, please. BOX 298

MURRAY Looking for woman to share laughs with. For instance, if you have a really big butt, that would be something I could laugh at. BOX 574

??? Probably single, definitely white male, roughly thirty or so, currently recovering from serious bout with amnesia. People tell me I had a great personality, so I'll just have to take their word for it. I like various things, and get turned off by various other things. (I want to say...ankles?) Seeking woman with certain qualities. No phony claims for child support or alimony, please. BOX ???

PERSONAL OF THE MONTH



JAREK Butcher shop owner. Looking for woman who can take my mind off the job of hacking blood-soaked animal parts all day, and the crushing depression I feel being constantly surrounded by the stench of death. On the plus side, I can get you free ribs BOX 609

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BROCK I finally lost enough weight to look attractive to women, and I'm still taking the diet pills so I won't have a relapse. Looking for active, fun-loving lady who likes working out, mountain biking, swimming, jogging, tennis and hiking, often ■ on the same day. BOX 780

BUTCH I'm making a list and checking it twice. I want a cute girl who's naughty and nice! Must be comfortable with me wearing this Santa costume year 'round. BOX 225

NAME WITHHELD I'm in the Witness Protection Program, looking for a woman to share fun and happiness, provided we never leave my house until the trial's over, and then we'll probably have to leave the country entirely. BOX 836

PERSONAL OF THE MONTH

SWINTON Do opposites really attract? I hope so, because I'm short, ugly and not very bright. Seeking woman who isn't any of these things. Sense of humor a must, needless to say. BOX 022

VILMOS Tiger-trainer, part-time fencing instructor. Enjoys bungee-jumping and drag racing. This is not a recent photo, since I still have both my legs in it. BOX 896

FLINT Recovering pyromaniac. Want to meet mature lady for candlelight dinners. BOX 451

MARCUS Adventurous male seeks sweet, agreeable girl to use as mule to smuggle drugs from Columbia to U.S. It's not as degrading at it sounds! All you have to do is swallow a kilo and act naturally while passing through customs. Dress comfortably. BOX 217

TEX A cowboy like me can get pretty lonely on the range at night. Looking for pretty lady who can sell me a sheep. If interested, please fax photo of sheep. BOX 638

VIC Looking for physical relationship, meaning you will physically do my laundry, dishes, vacuuming, masonry, etc. I'm allergic to roses, so don't expect any. BOX 509

RENALDO Searching for a bonita señorita, for sensuous nights of amor, and days of...el luncho...and...stuff. Oh, who am I kidding? My name's Ron — I've got no game and I thought this "Latin Lover" thing might work. God, I'm muy lonely. BOX 543

ANONYMOUS Gay? Bi? Curious? Me neither. I just want to have sex with as many women as possible. Sorry, no couples, unless you're a couple of women. BOX 110

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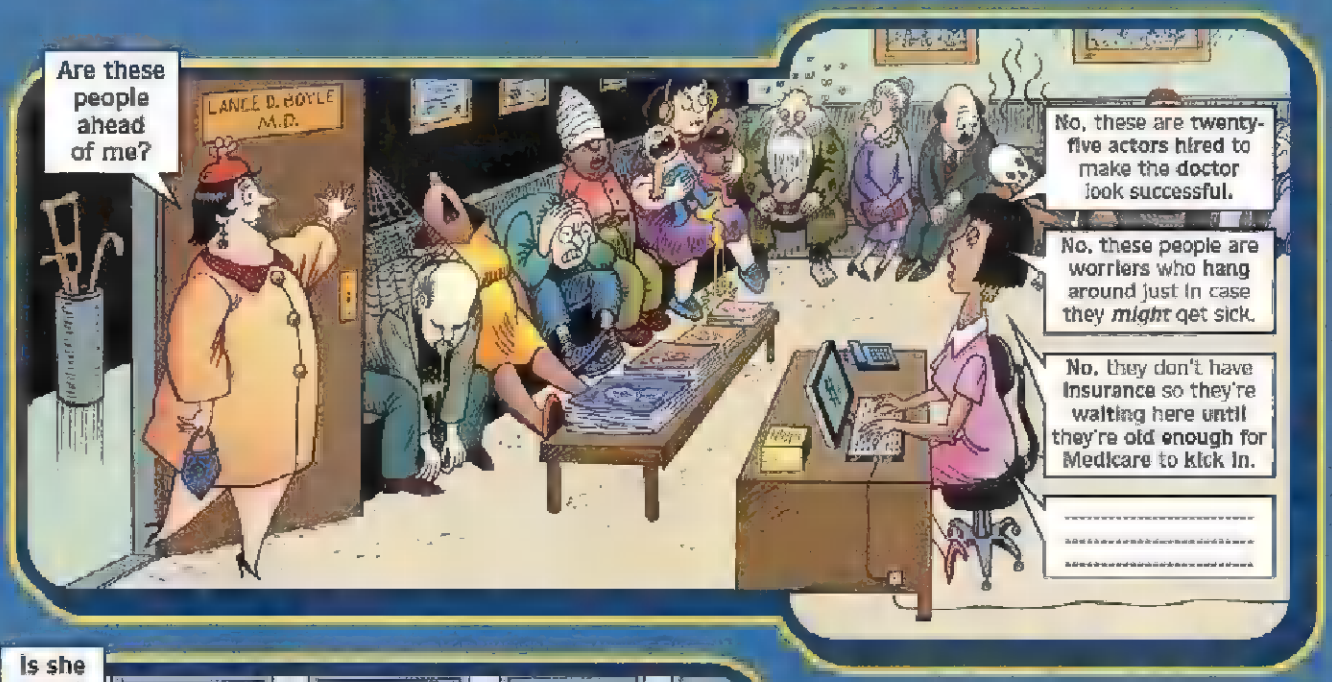
IT'S BEEN SAID LAUGHTER IS THE BEST MEDICINE
HERE IS THE UNPLEASANT SIDE EFFECT...

SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS

•SPECIAL MEDICAL EDITION•


Are these people ahead of me?
LANCE D. BOYLE M.D.
No, these are twenty-five actors hired to make the doctor look successful.
No, these people are worriers who hang around just in case they *might* get sick.
No, they don't have insurance so they're waiting here until they're old enough for Medicare to kick in.
.....
.....
.....

Is she dead?
No, she just doesn't like to be seen without makeup.
No, she wanted a private room with air-conditioning and we're granting her wish.
No, she's just stubborn and refuses to breathe!
.....
.....
.....

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE COLORIST: WILDSTORM

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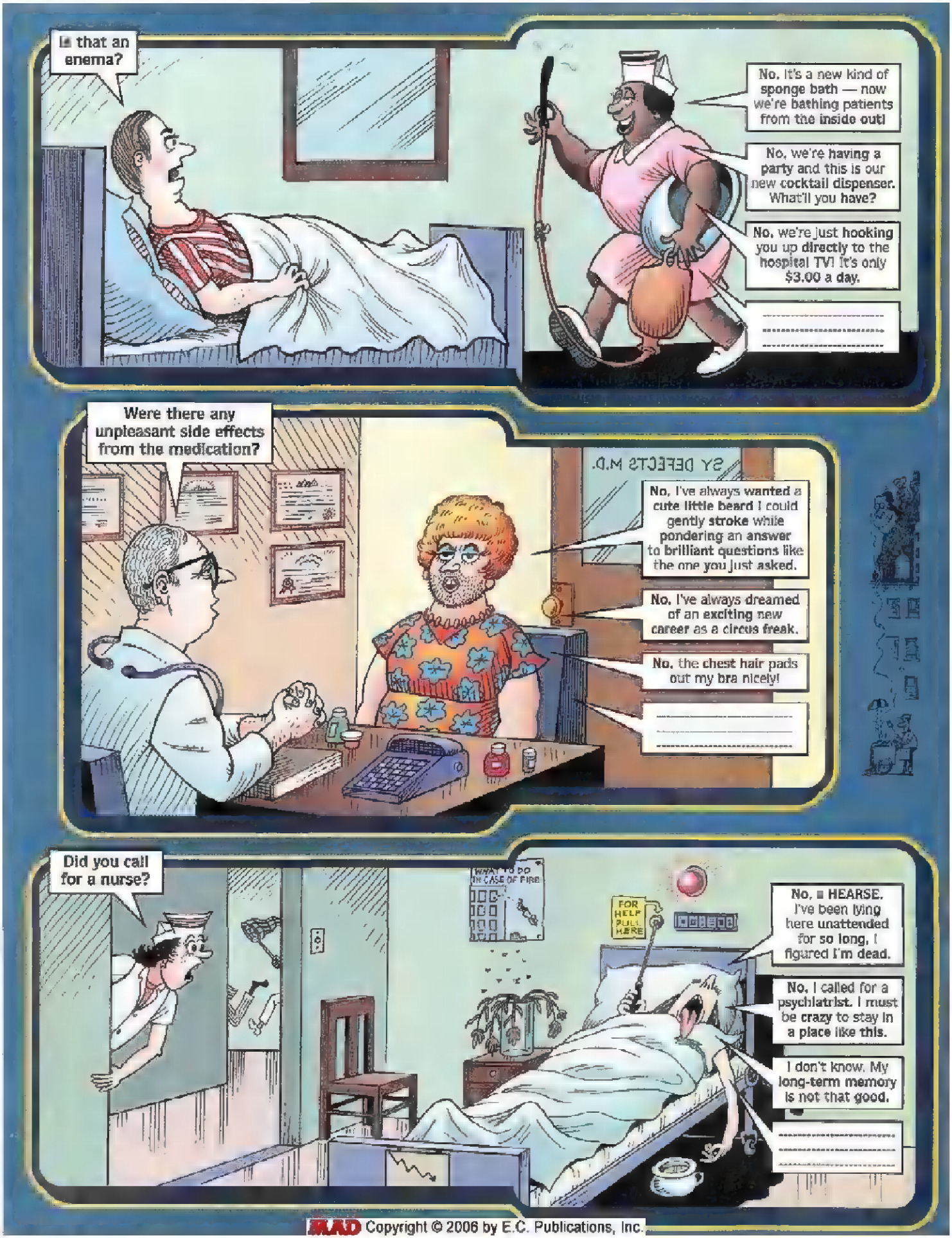
Is that an enema?
No, it's a new kind of sponge bath — now we're bathing patients from the inside out!
No, we're having a party and this is our new cocktail dispenser. What'll you have?
No, we're just hooking you up directly to the hospital TV! It's only $3.00 a day.
Were there any unpleasant side effects from the medication?
No, I've always wanted a cute little beard I could gently stroke while pondering an answer to brilliant questions like the one you just asked.
No, I've always dreamed of an exciting new career as a circus freak.
No, the chest hair pads out my bra nicely!
Did you call for a nurse?
WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF FIRE
FOR HELP PULL HERE
No, I HEARSE. I've been lying here unattended for so long, I figured I'm dead.
No, I called for a psychiatrist. I must be crazy to stay in a place like this.
I don't know. My long-term memory is not that good.

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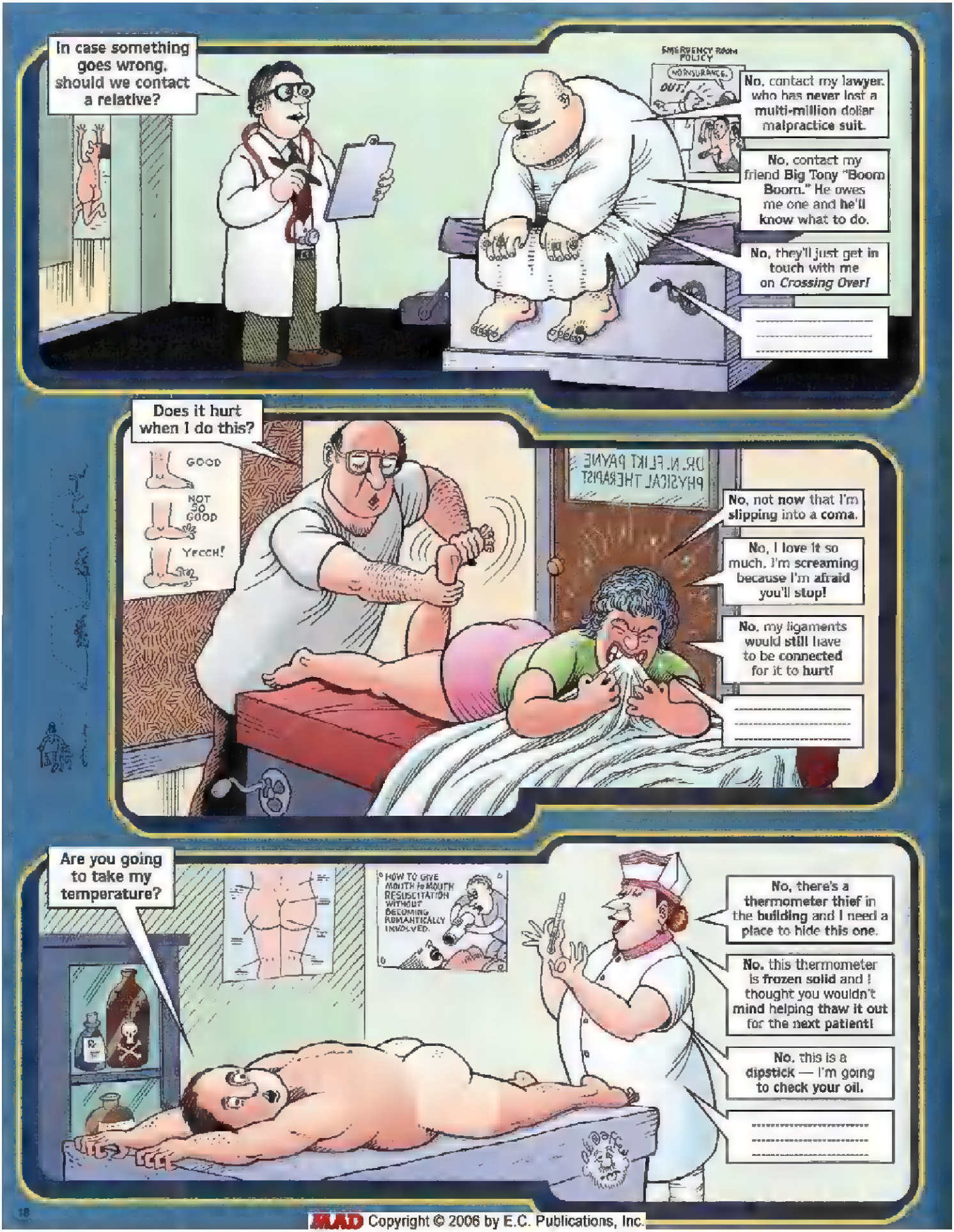
In case something goes wrong, should we contact a relative?
EMERGENCY ROOM POLICY
NO INSURANCE. OUT!
No, contact my lawyer, who has never lost a multi-million dollar malpractice suit.
No, contact my friend Big Tony "Boom Boom." He owes me one and he'll know what to do.
No, they'll just get in touch with me on Crossing Over!
Does it hurt when I do this?
GOOD
NOT SO GOOD
YECCH!
DR. N. FLIKT PAYNE PHYSICAL THERAPIST
No, not now that I'm slipping into a coma.
No, I love it so much, I'm screaming because I'm afraid you'll stop!
No, my ligaments would still have to be connected for it to hurt!
Are you going to take my temperature?
HOW TO GIVE MOUTH to MOUTH RESUSCITATION WITHOUT BECOMING ROMANTICALLY INVOLVED.
No, there's a thermometer thief in the building and I need a place to hide this one.
No, this thermometer is frozen solid and I thought you wouldn't mind helping thaw it out for the next patient!
No, this is a dipstick — I'm going to check your oil.

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The DVDs include these action-packed features: Character Bios, Episode Intros and Set-Top Challenges!

New, exciting adventures from these animated series!

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THE DISSING LINK DEPT.

At this point, it's common knowledge that every actor or actress can somehow be traced back to Kevin Bacon, just as every lame, tired premise can easily be traced back to MAD! Join us in celebrating both phenomena with...

6 DEGREES OF SEPARATION

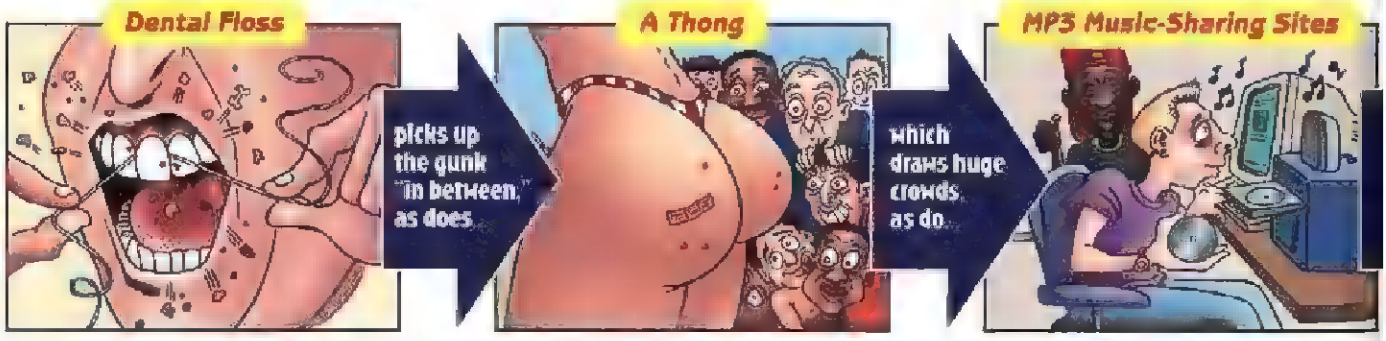
Can you link CHARLIE CHAPLIN to EVERYONE ON *JOE MILLIONAIRE*?

Can you link *GRAND THEFT AUTO: VICE CITY* to SPONGEBOB SQUIRREPANTS?

Grand Theft Auto: Vice City
is a sick, twisted game, as is...
Fear Factor
which is where they eat creepy-crawly things, like in...
France

Can you link COUNTRY CLUBS to ADAM SANDLER?

Can you link DENTAL FLOSS to NIR VARDALOS?



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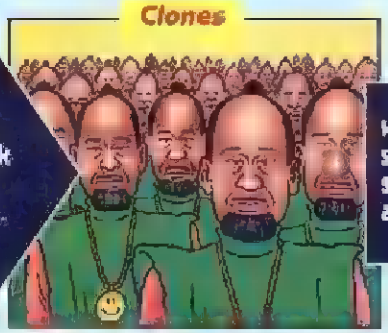
BETWEEN ANYONE AND ANYTHING PART VII

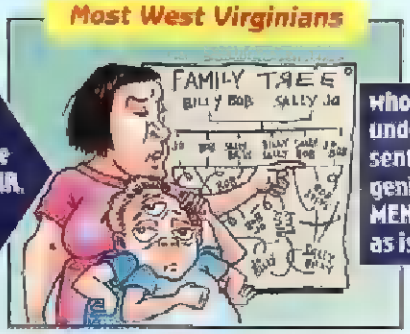
Clones

which all look alike, as do...



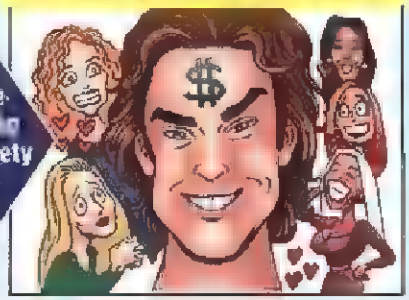
which share the same DNA, as do...

Most West Virginians



who are under-represented in the genius society MENSA, as is...

Everyone on Joe Millionaire



A Landfill

which has a pungent "aroma" all its own, as does...

which is mostly non-biodegradable matter, as are...

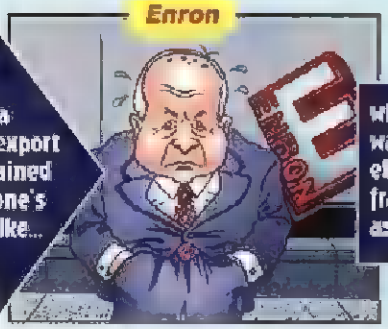
Hostess Twinkles

which are yellow, squishy and nauseatingly sweet, as is...

SpongeBob SquarePants

Enron

who's a Texas export who gained everyone's trust, like...

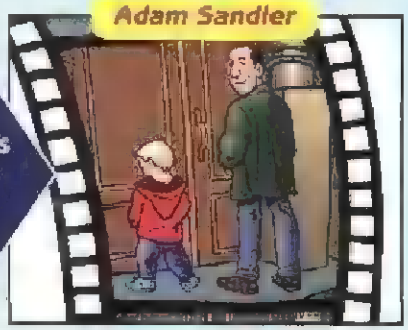


which was a huge, elaborate fraud, as is...

"Improved" Airport Security

which ruins lots and lots of film, like...

Adam Sandler



Record Companies

which cheat recording artists out of royalties, as do...

which crank out platters of homogenized pap, as does...

The Olive Garden

which is just a phony "ethnic" franchise, like...

Nia Vardalos

ARTIST: RICK TULKA WRITER: MIKE SNIDER COLORIST: WILDSTORM

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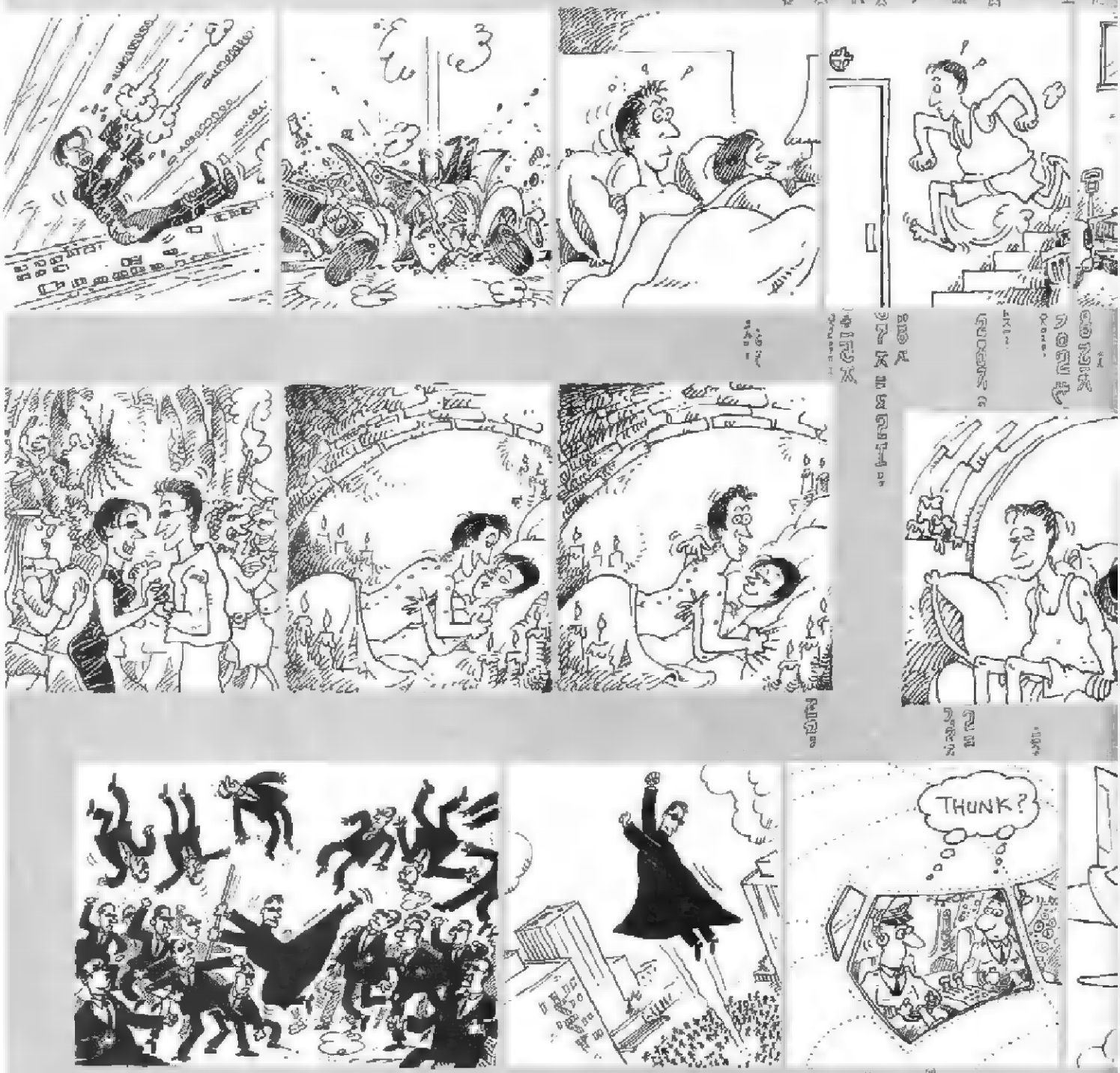
SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

Sergio Aragonés PRESENTS A MAD LOOK AT



ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

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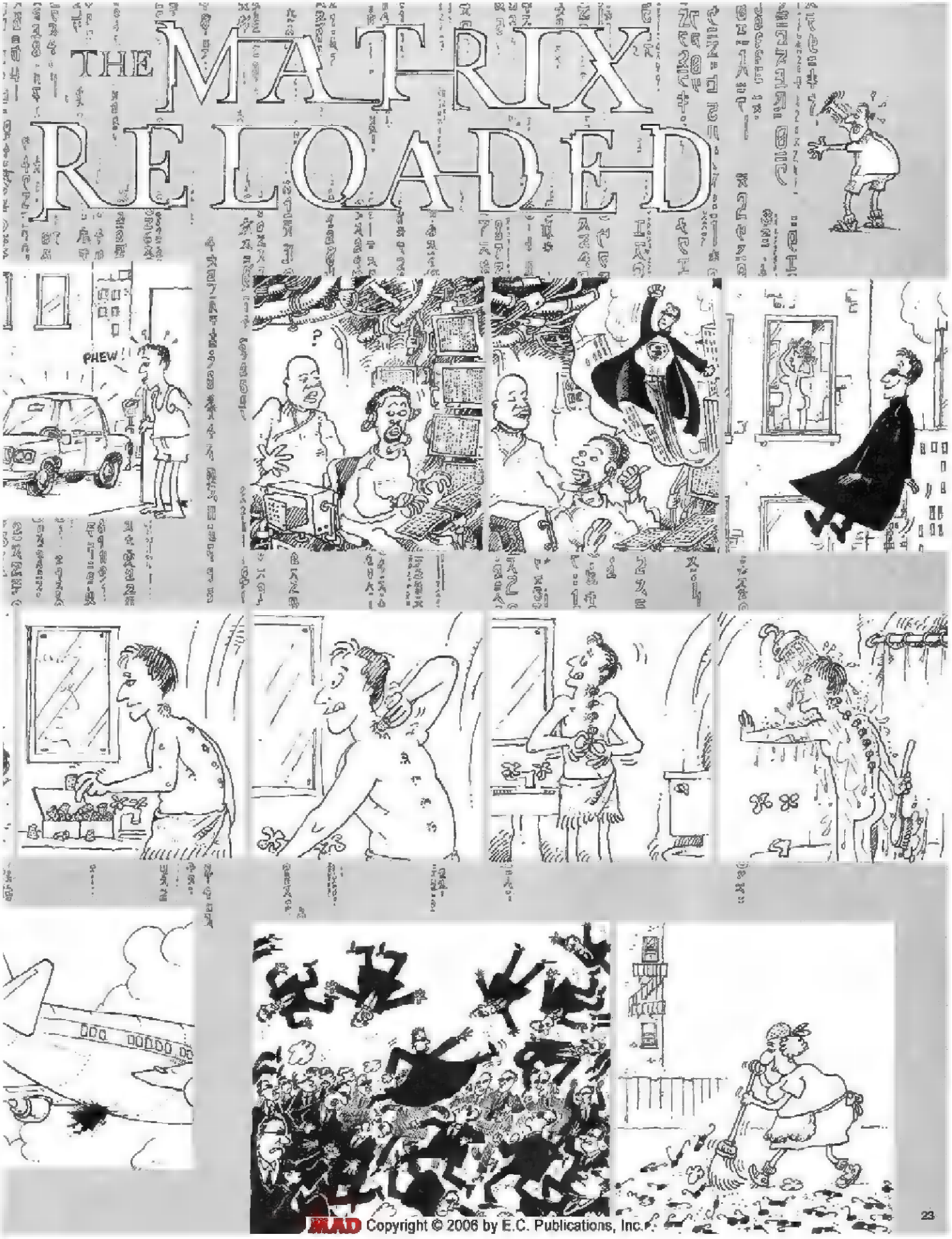
THE MATRIX RELOADED



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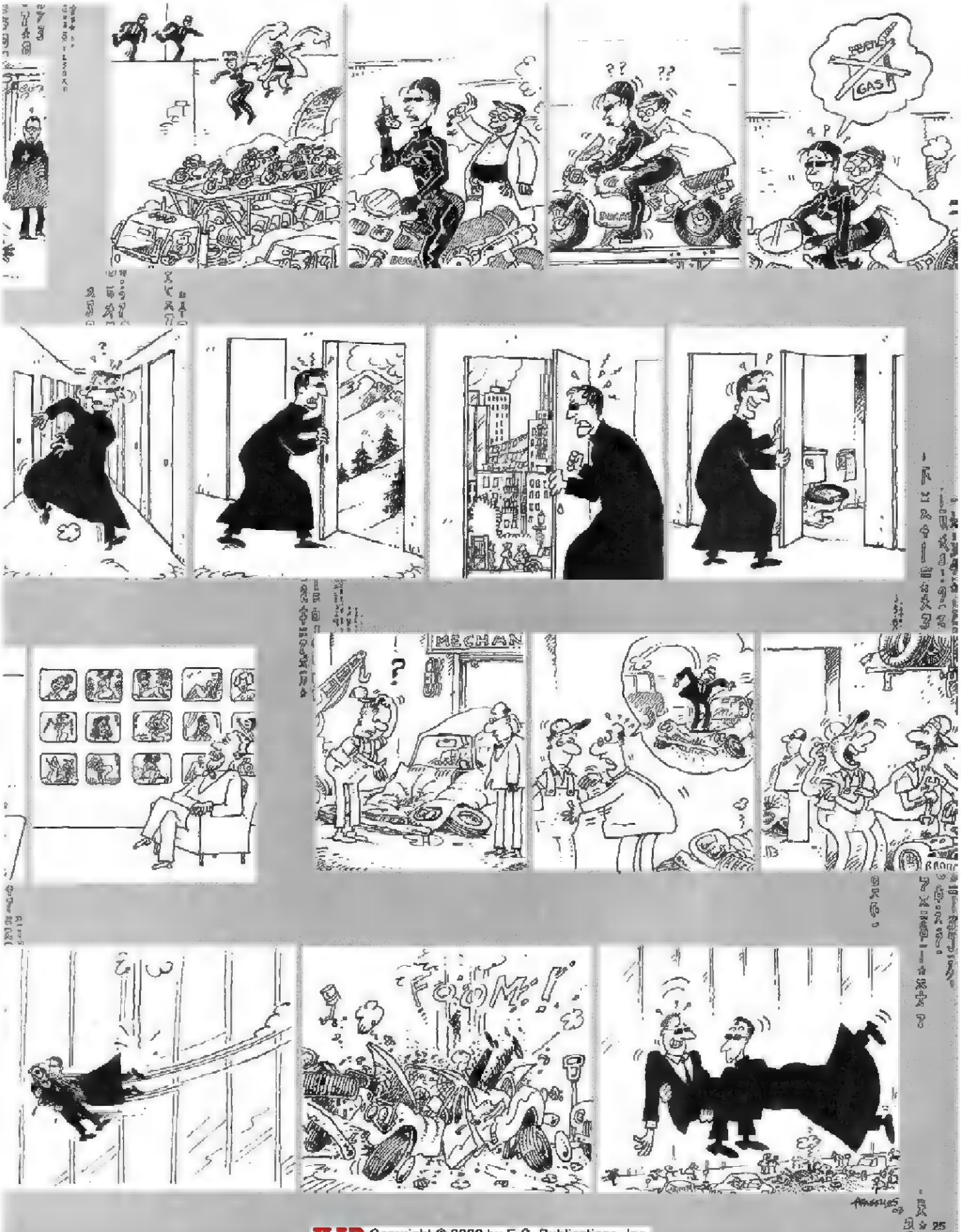

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THE ROUTE OF ALL EVIL DEPT.

The Internet is so wonderful! With its seemingly infinite number of sites, pages and links, you can get lost for hours searching and surfing the Web. But if you *really* want to get lost for hours, there's one website you have to visit—

@ MapMess:Home

Back Forward Stop Refresh Home AutoFill Print Mail

Address http://www.mapmess.com/

MAPMESS

MAPS DRIVING DIRECTIONS ROAD TRIP PLANNER

Stay Home Help Me!

driving directions

What's Nearby

Search 2 miles for:

- Service Stations
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Search

Poorbitz Travel Deals

Flights:
Find low fares to your destination! Unless you're one of those people who think it's stupid to pay for a

FROM:	TO:
342 Snib Ave Flumpkin, PA 17489 US	804 Hedalalona Rd Chaffington, PA 18047 US
Total Distance: 33 miles Distance You Will Travel: 189 miles	Total Estimated Time: 54 minutes Time It Will Take You: 3 hours, 47 minutes

PRINT ROUTE SAVE ROUTE CURSE ROUTE

FASTEST ROUTE | SHORTEST ROUTE | WHY IS THE SHORTEST NOT THE FASTEST?

DIRECTIONS		DISTANCE
1:	Rather than spend 2 MINUTES getting directions from the person you're visiting waste 15 MINUTES on MAPMESS.	0.0 miles
2:	Turn OFF computer. Walk into KITCHEN, turn LEFT at REFRIGERATOR.	0.0005 miles
3:	Open DOOR and walk out of HOUSE — be careful to avoid the GARDEN HOSE.	0.0017 miles
4:	Get in CAR, head EAST towards HIGHWAY for 0.25.	0.25 miles
5:	Repeatedly glance at odometer to see when you've gone 0.25 MILES. Miss EXIT.	0.78 miles
6:	Make sudden ILLEGAL U-TURN in middle of road, and speed BACK the way you came.	0.75 miles

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flight when your destination is only 33 miles away!

Rental Cars:

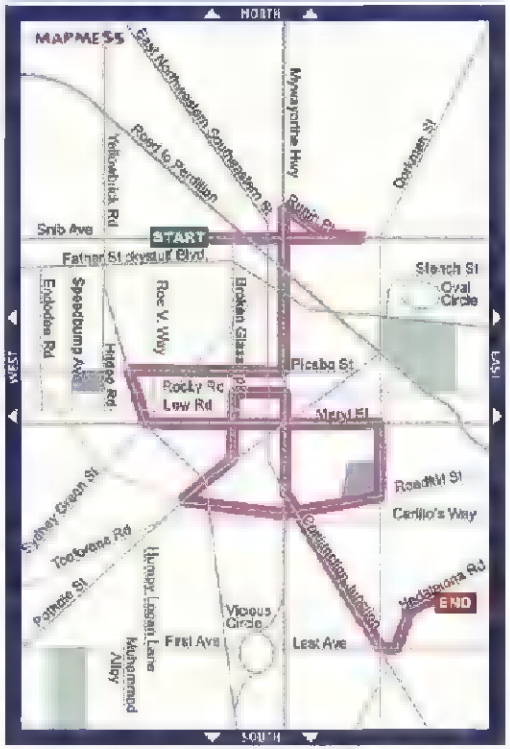
Find special offers on rental prices when our directions cause you to back over tire-shredding spikes in a commercial parking lot!

Lodging:

Save up to 70% on Poorbitz Savers when you're too ashamed to go home after failing to reach your destination!

POORBITZ

Route Overview



7:	Merge RIGHT and enter SHOULDER as police car pulls you over and gives you ticket.	0.01 miles
8:	Do not respond to passenger's muttered insult about relying on MAPMESS.	0.0 miles
9:	Ignoring uncomfortable silence that has settled over car, narrowly avoid a collision as you check directions while merging onto HIGHWAY (portions toll).	1.4 miles
10:	Frantically realize you're stuck in an "E-Z PASS" lane.	0.35 miles
11:	Spend a honking and profanity-filled 3 MINUTES tying up traffic, attempting to merge into "Cash/Tokens," 2 LANES over.	0.06 miles
12:	Once on HIGHWAY, note mild panic when you realize that MAPMESS failed to take into account the CONSTRUCTION that has closed EXIT 2 for the next 27 WEEKS.	1.7 miles
13:	Drive SEVERAL miles, using the inapplicable directions and your own navigational skills to devise a NEW route.	6.9 miles
14:	Notice that you're 30 MINUTES LATE and TOTALLY LOST.	14.7 miles
15:	Pull into gas station and show MAPMESS directions to old man sitting by the COKE MACHINE. Get back in car after geezer tells you, "I've lived around here for 63 years and I ain't never heard of none of these streets."	0.4 miles
16:	Consider stopping at PAY PHONE to CALL FRIEND for directions. Decide to KEEP DRIVING, rather than hear his sarcastic comments about your poor sense of direction.	15.3 miles
17:	Drive on for SEVERAL MORE MILES, try to convince yourself that you're driving "parallel" to the desired route.	7.4 miles
18:	Turn RIGHT, certain that you'll approach the desired route in a FEW MILES.	12.4 miles
19:	Give up after realizing that you've now been driving 1 HOUR and 45 MINUTES longer than MAPMESS's original estimated travel time.	27.9 miles
20:	Make another ILLEGAL U-TURN. Speed off, attempting to retrace your route and make up for lost time.	0.7 miles
21:	Immediately enter SPEED TRAP. MERGE RIGHT and enter SHOULDER as police car pulls you over and gives you another ticket.	0.02 miles
22:	Insane with frustration, do your best to stifle the urge to LUNGE for the OFFICER'S PISTOL.	0.0 miles
23:	As the OFFICER pulls AWAY, count backwards from TEN. Calm down enough to realize that you should have asked him for directions.	0.0 miles
24:	KEEP DRIVING, decide to recheck directions for any possible clues as to WHEREABOUTS.	9.8 miles
25:	While trying to retrieve the directions, which have fallen between the SEAT and the DOOR, crash into BARRIER.	.02 miles
26:	Call your AUTO CLUB. Have tow truck drop you off at 604 HEDALALONA ROAD.	47.2 miles

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Internet zone

PUT ANOTHER IDEOLOGUE ON THE FIRE DEPT.

Not long ago, in order to be considered a patriot all you had to do was sing along with the national anthem before the start of a ballgame, fly the stars and stripes on Memorial and Veterans Days and wear a flag pin on your lapel. But that's not enough anymore! In the chilling post-9/11 social climate, you've got to watch "fair and balanced" FOX News every day, support the bone-chilling Congressional bill called "The Patriot Act" that gives the government the right to quash our civil liberties, and spout the party line of the radical right wing, who want us to all to believe...

A "True Red, White & Blue" AMERICAN PATRIOT...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: JOE RAIOLA

...thinks a President who lies to us about a sordid affair he has with an intern is *less* trustworthy...

...than one who lies to us about his reasons for sending American troops to war.

...thinks France gives a damn that he now calls his potatoes "Freedom Fries."

...admits that dissent is a sign of a healthy, robust democracy — but hey, the founding fathers never intended the first amendment to protect radicals who wear peace T-shirts in suburban shopping malls.

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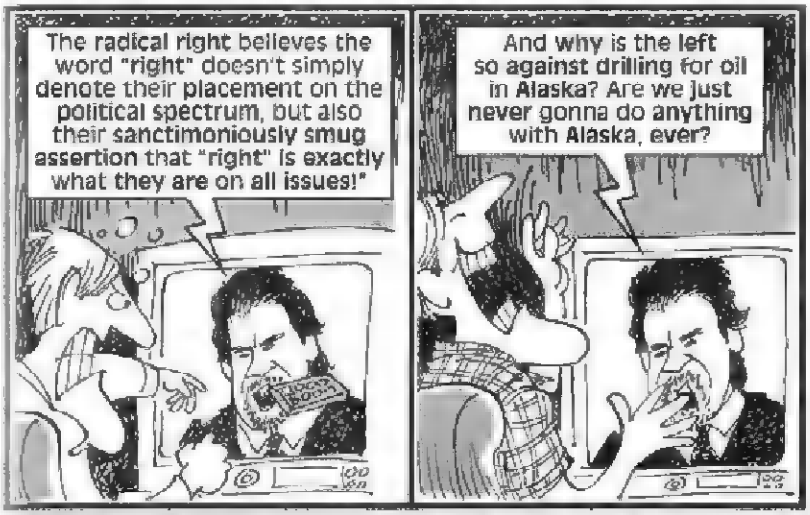

The radical right believes the word "right" doesn't simply denote their placement on the political spectrum, but also their sanctimoniously smug assertion that "right" is exactly what they are on all issues!"
And why is the left so against drilling for oil in Alaska? Are we just never gonna do anything with Alaska, ever?

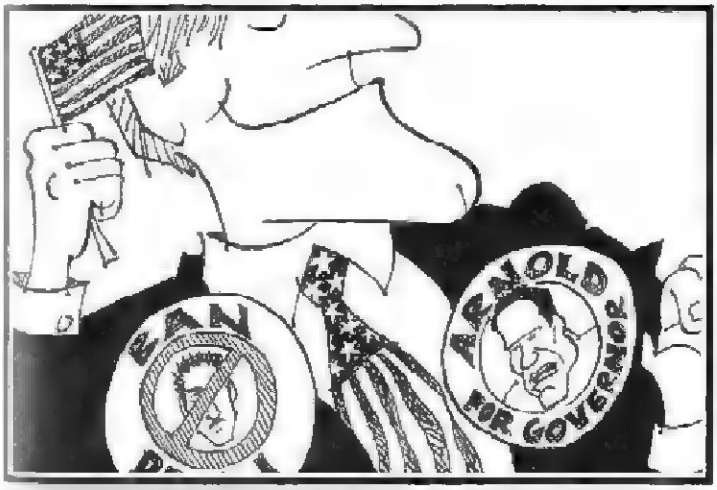
...never found that "liberal-loving" Dennis Miller even remotely funny...

...until he mutated into a neo-con and suddenly became "freakin' hilarious."

...upon hearing the phrase "axis of evil," thinks of Martin Sheen, Tim Robbins and Susan Sarandon.

...is extremely concerned about the left wing bias in the media after hearing about it on TV and radio from Bill O'Reilly, Newt Gingrich, Rush Limbaugh, Sean Hannity, Michael Savage, Pat Buchanan, Monica Crowley, Ann Coulter, Ollie North, G. Gordon Liddy and Joe Scarborough.

...insists the American flag symbolizes our precious right to free expression, which is why he's a staunch supporter of any law that would make it a crime to burn one as a form of political protest.



...strongly believes that Hollywood insiders like Sean Penn should "keep their big fat mouths shut" and *never* get involved in politics, but Arnold Schwarzenegger is an exception, of course.

...feels more threatened by the Dixie Chicks...

...than he does John Ashcroft.

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ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

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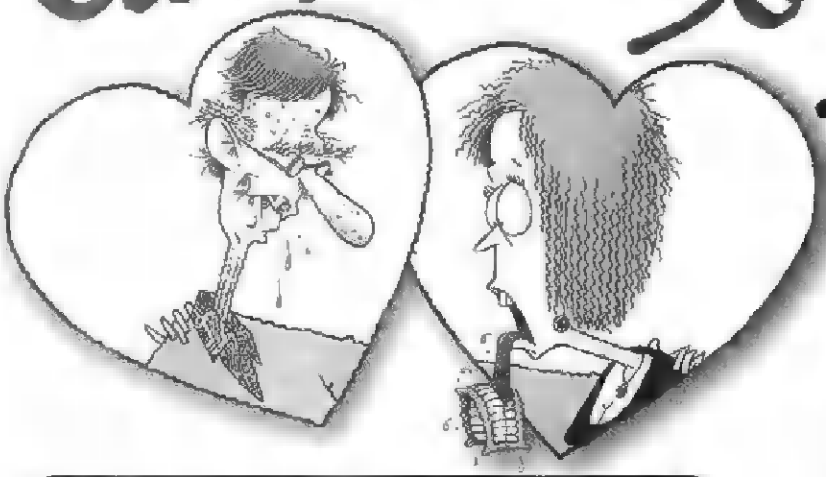
THE GREATEST GENERATION GAP DEPT.

Love is blind. Sometimes love is also hard of hearing, lactose intolerant and incontinent! When these and other symptoms crop up in relationships where there's a huge age difference, they cause friction. So whether it's for money, the subconscious urge for a grandparental figure or some other deeply twisted psychological need that causes a person to fall head over heels for someone out of their age bracket, in the end it's a lose/lose proposition. These things never succeed. What, you want documentation? You got it! Check out the following and you'll discover...

JOHN CALDWELL'S

The Real Reasons Older Man/Younger Woman Romances Never Work Out



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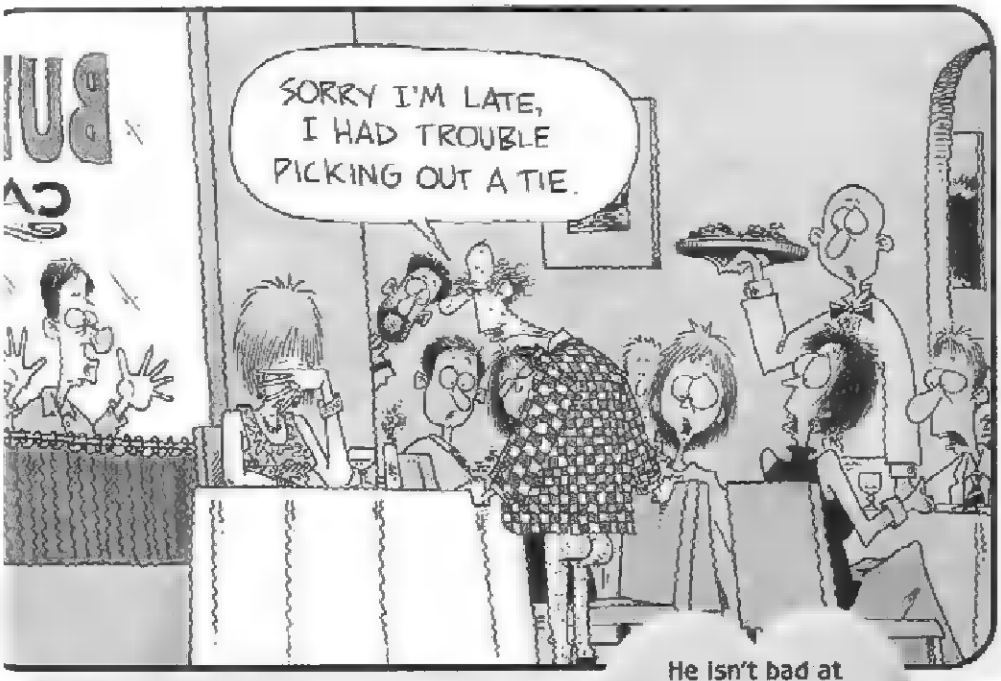
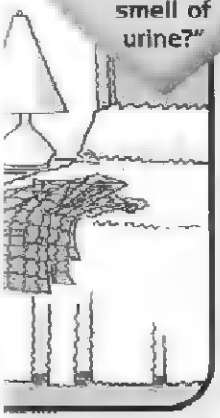


He isn't bad at remembering birthdays and anniversaries, but a little lax in areas of his wardrobe.

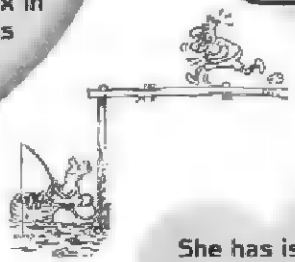
Punishing his son when he misbehaves becomes just too creepy.

When preparing for a night on the town, her "Does this dress make me look fat?" is always followed by his "Do these pants smell of urine?"

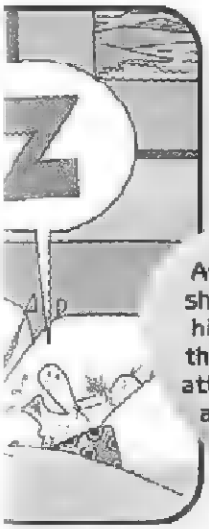
ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL



She could never get that gross menthol rub smell out of her teddies.



She has issues with the fact that he's no longer drooling over just her.



At some point, the shocking realization hits home that the things she found so attractive about him are all across the room on his dresser.

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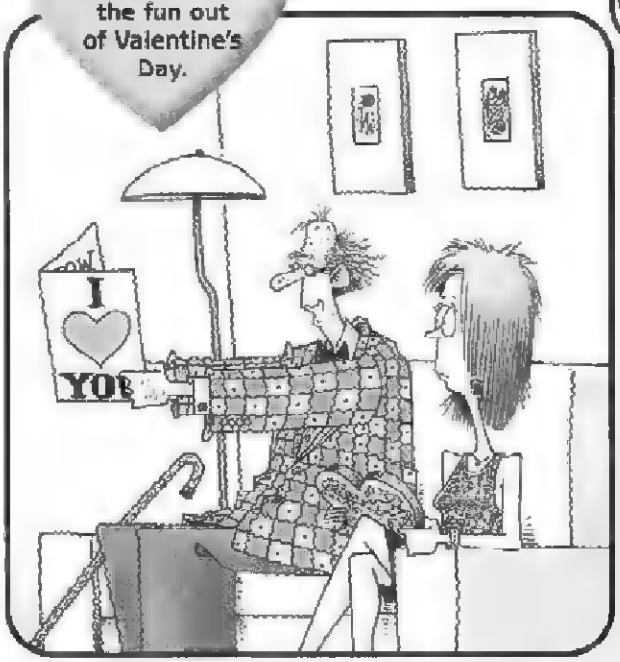
The Real Reasons Older Man/Younger Woman Romances Never Work Out

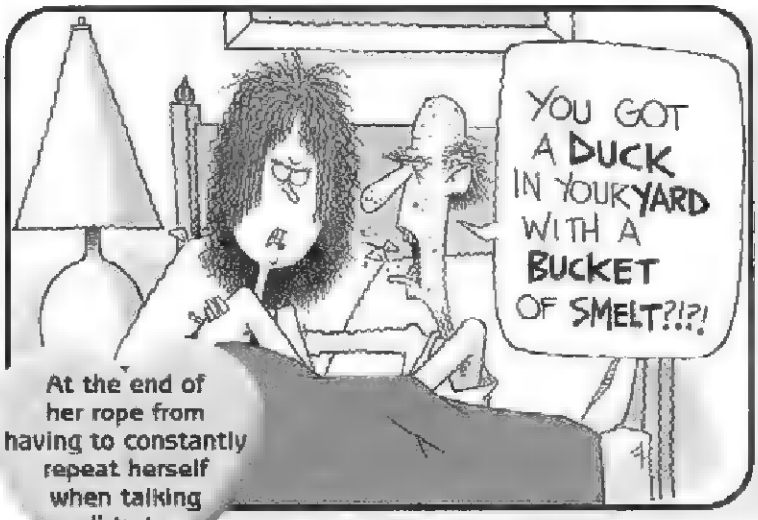
Once too often she mistook the adjustable orthopedic recliner's control for the TV remote.

The days of having to cut his steak for him are in the past. The days of having to chew his steak for him have just begun.

Very limited handicapped parking in Lovers' Lane.

The hassle of finding large print cards takes all the fun out of Valentine's Day.





At the end of her rope from having to constantly repeat herself when talking dirty to him.

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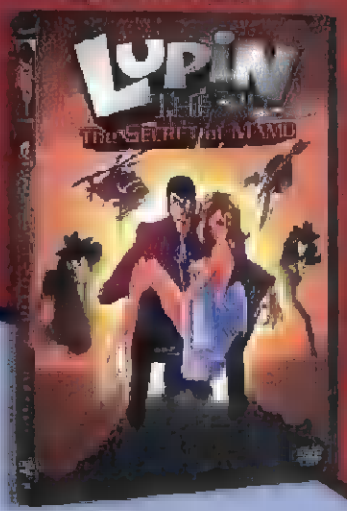

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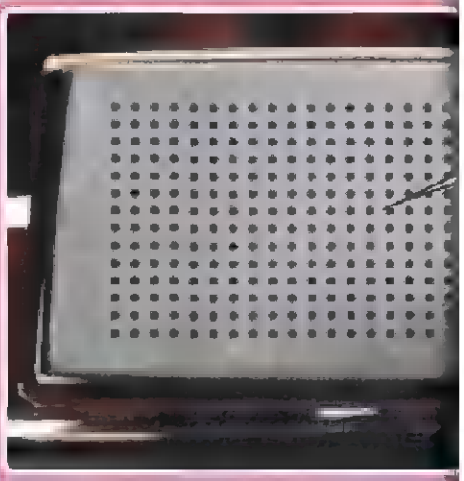
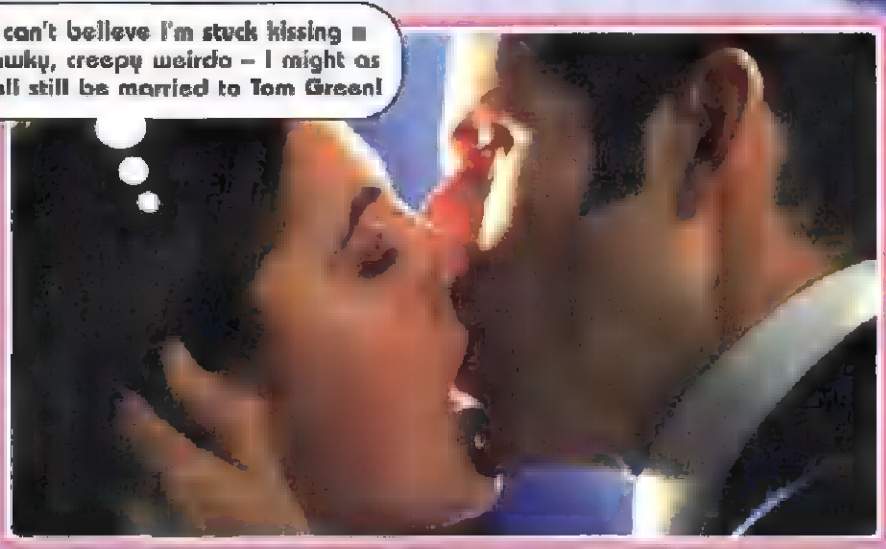
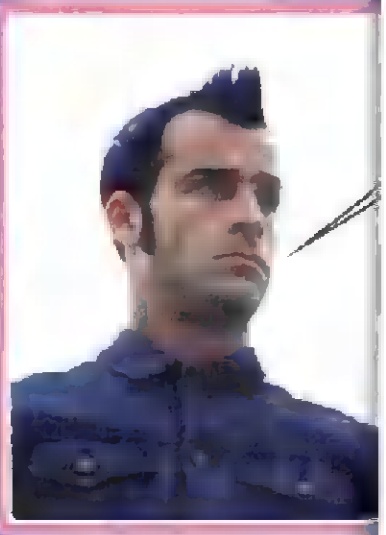
MAD's NOT-SO-TITILLATING OUTTAKES

Don't you think it's creepy how the Charlie character only communicates with the Angels by speaker phone?
Are you kidding? At John Forsythe's age, it'd be a whole lot creepier if he was ogling us three young hotties face-to-face!

Matt, are you okay? You passed out when I told you this kind of thankless supporting role is all you'll have to look forward to once *Friends* ends!







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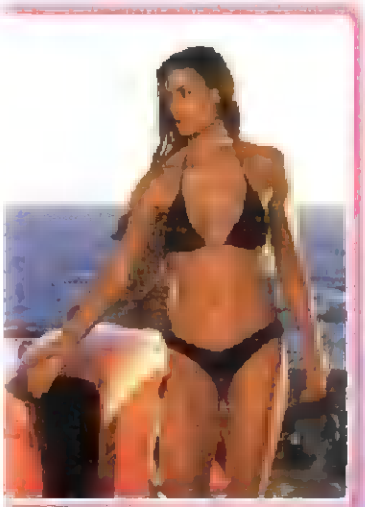
ROM: CHARLIE'S ANGELS FULL THROTTLE



Good morning, Angels! I've just switched our phone service to Verizon. Can you hear me now? Good! Can you hear me now? Good! Can you hear me now...

WRITER: GREG LEITMAN

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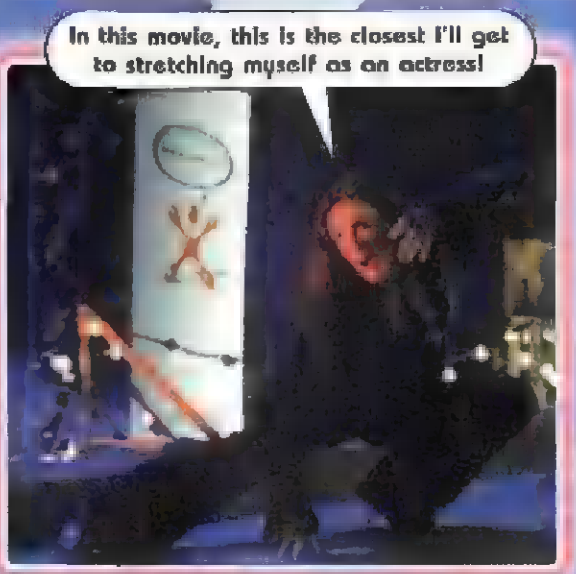
MAD's NOT-SO-TITILLATING OUTTAKES FROM: CHARLIE'S ANGELS FULL THROTTLE

Cut! Cameron, you're supposed to be wearing a thong for this scene! Lord knows we're not putting fannies in the seats with our brilliant plotlines!



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Duke Bissell's TALES OF UNDISPUTED INTEREST

A DISTANT UNCLE OF MINE ASKED ME TO WATCH HIS SICK DOG SPENCER WHILE HE WENT ON VACATION.

FEED HIM? TAKE HIM FOR WALKS? HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS ON THE PHONE.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF MY RABID DOG

BECAUSE OF HIS POOR HEALTH, SPENCER WAS ON A SPECIAL DIET WHICH HAD TO BE PREPARED FRESH DAILY.

WHERE AM I GOING TO GET ORGANIC TIBETAN MILLET OR TRUFFLE-FED LLAMA OR CURED CAVIAR FROM FARM-RAISED STURGEON?

RECIPES FOR DOGS

APPARENTLY THE ONLY PLACE TO BUY THE INGREDIENTS WAS ON A SMALL ISLAND OFF FRENCH GUIANA.

I'M SORRY SIR, THE LAST PLANE TO LEAVE FOR THAT DESTINATION WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

WELL, HOW ABOUT A HELICOPTER THEN?

LUCKILY THERE WAS A BOAT LEAVING THE NEXT DAY THAT WAS GOING IN THAT GENERAL DIRECTION.

THIS STUFF IS AWFULLY EXPENSIVE. DON'T YOU CARRY A GENERIC BRAND?

SURE BUT NOT HERE. THAT WOULD BE AT OUR BROOKLYN BRANCH.

THINGS DIDN'T GO AS SMOOTHLY ON THE RETURN TRIP.

NEXT BOAT LEAVES IN 236 DAYS

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT SOME SOCKS AND UNDERWEAR.

WHEN I FINALLY GOT HOME I FOUND MY UNCLE HAD COME AND TAKEN HIM BACK.

FRANK? I DIDN'T KNOW HIS NAME WAS FRANK.

DEAR DUKE, THANKS FOR NOTHING. I'M TAKING YOU OUT OF MY WILL. UNCLE FRANK

P.C.VEY

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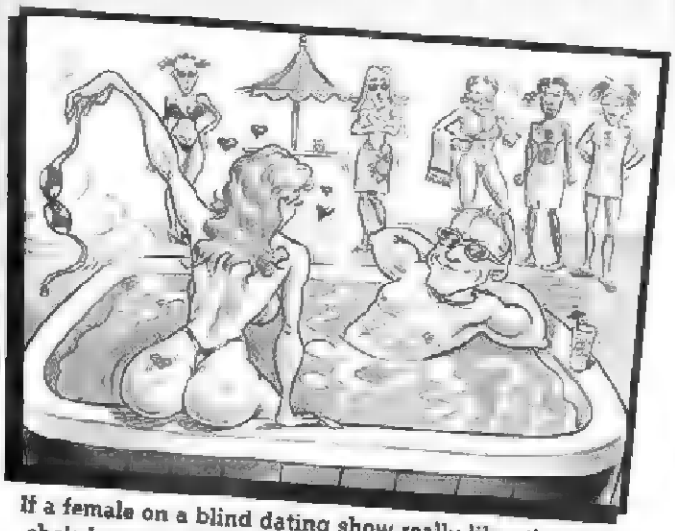
THEY'RE HERE, THEY'RE QUERIES, GET USED TO IT! DEPT.

QUESTIONS, PHILOSOPHICAL RAISED BY

If you're an average person (and face it, you are), the questions that occur to you while watching reality TV shows are things like: "Who will the Bachelorette pick?" "Which tribe-member is gonna be voted off next?" and, of course, "What else is on right now?!" But there are deeper questions that reality TV raises ("deeper" like that stuff out in the cow-pasture that farmers step in!) Please read on as we ponder the following...

If a celebrity decides it's a good idea to accept an invitation to appear on *Celebrity Fear Factor* or *Celebrity Mole* — are they really that much of a celebrity anymore?



If a female on a blind dating show really likes the male she's been paired up with, should she get naked with him in a hot tub five minutes after they meet... or wait the full ten minutes, like everybody else?

When having sex with a member of your tribe, do good manners require you to inform them that you plan to vote them off the next day?

Since the success of *Meet My Folks* showed the viability of ripping off Robert DeNiro movies for reality TV concepts... when can we expect to see *Meet My Raging Bull* and *Who Wants to Marry a Taxi Driver?*

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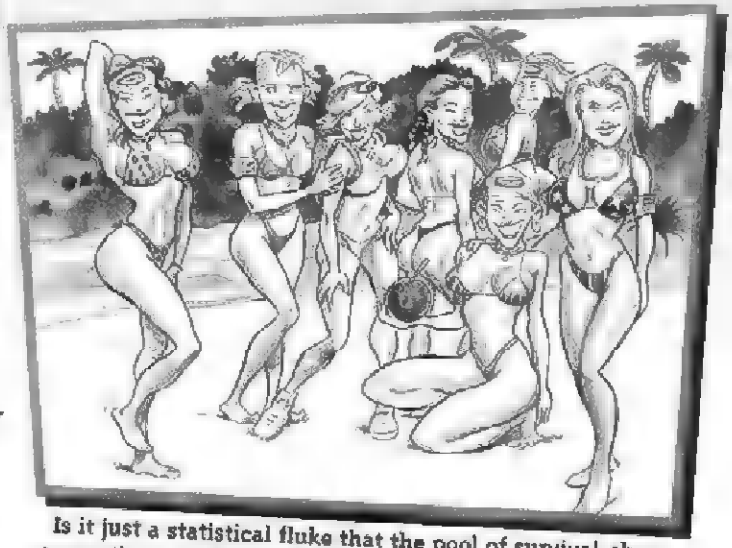
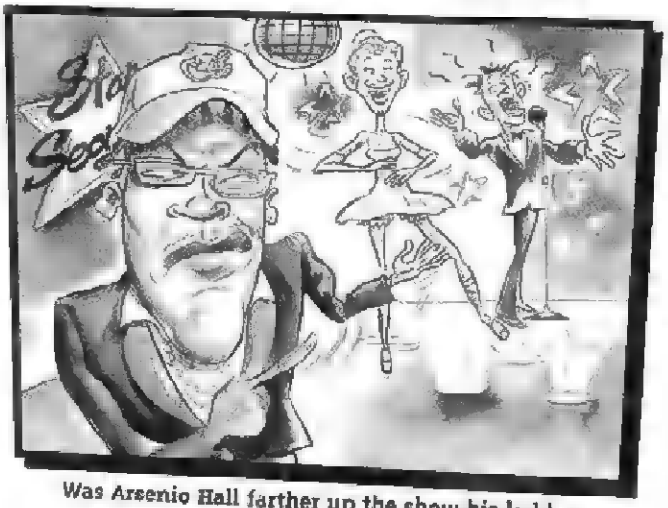
DILEMMAS & CONUNDRUMS REALITY TV



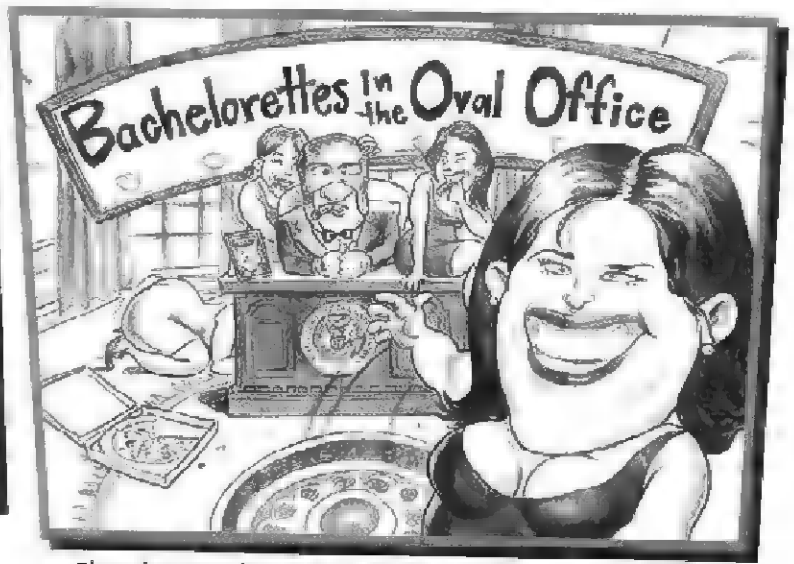
Is it just a statistical fluke that the pool of survival-show competitors contains roughly 5,000 times the proportion of bikini models and Laker Girls as the general population?

Should a gentleman contestant on *Fear Factor* offer his puke-bucket to a lady contestant?



Was Arsenio Hall farther up the show biz ladder being an unemployed has-been...or as the next Ed McMahon on *Star Search*?

If any kid can go on the internet and find directions for building a hydrogen bomb...why can't the producers of reality TV shows uncover the criminal records and unsavory backgrounds of contestants sometime *before* they put 'em on the show?



Given her own famously-lurid life experiences, isn't there a more exciting reality TV concept for Monica Lewinsky to emcee than that lame guys-wearing-masks show, *Mr. Personality*?

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WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

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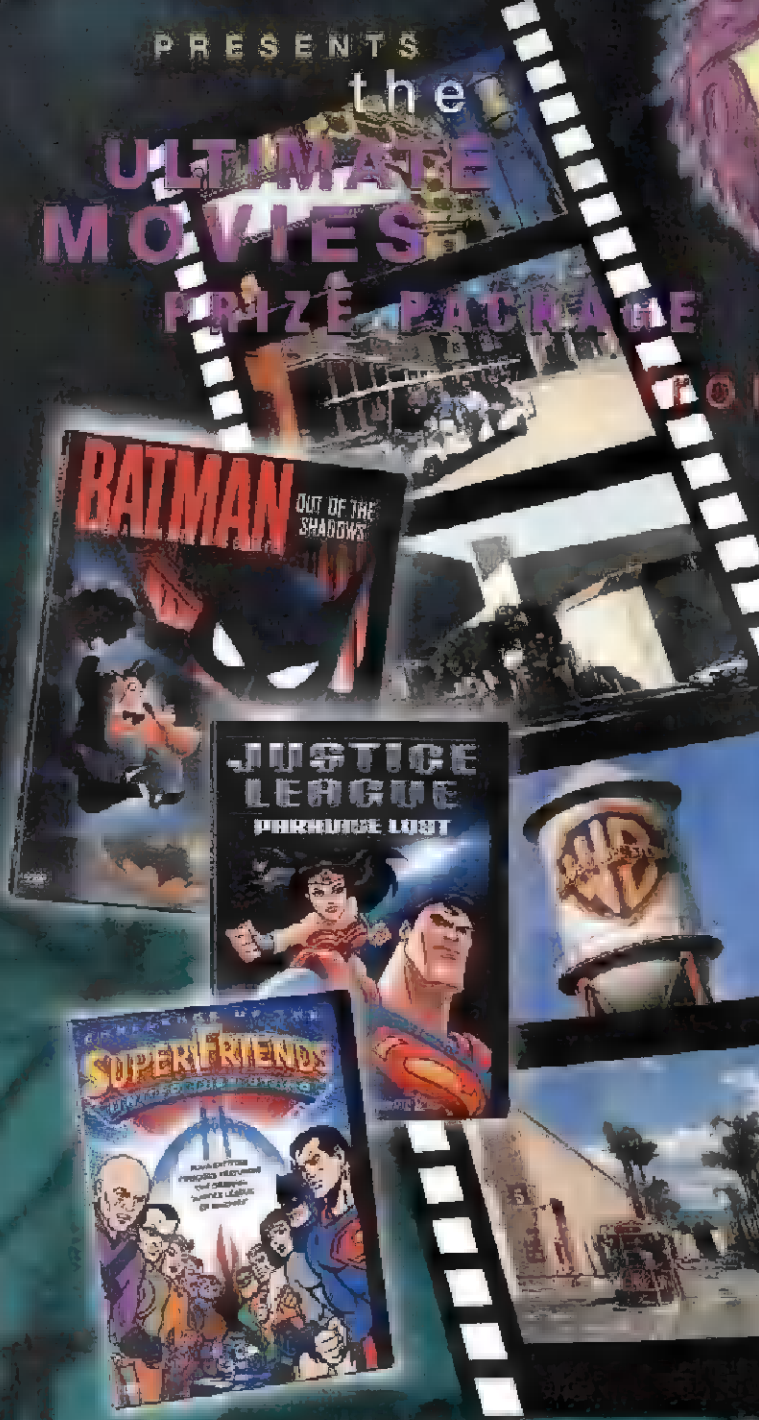

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IN OUR LAST EPISODE...
WOW! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY LONG-LOST GRANDFATHER LEFT US THIS OLD SLUM!
IT GOES WITH THE DEFECTIVE GENES HE ALSO PASSED DOWN.
AT LEAST MY SIDE ISN'T INBRED.
AHEM.
...AS MUCH!
AS YOU CAN SEE, THE WHOLE THING IS IN DISREPAIR.
YUP. SAGGING JOINTS. LOOSE FRAME. IT'S SICKENING.
I'LL GLADLY TAKE THE PROPERTY OFF YOUR HANDS.
YOU HEARD HIM, HONEY! SHE'S ALL YOURS, BUT I WARN YA, THIS CAT BITES!
SIR, I WAS TALKING ABOUT THE HOUSE, NOT YOUR WIFE.
HOW ABOUT A PACKAGE DEAL FOR THE TWO OF THEM?
PACKAGE THIS!
SHE IS GETTING THE HANG OF NEW YORK. I'LL GIVE HER THAT.
I'LL CATCH YOU GUYS LATER! I'M HITTING THE TOWN!
WHY DO I HAVE A REAL FEELING IT'S GONNA HIT YA BACK?
Don't mind the maggots, it's...
MONROE and...
THE BIG APPLE PART TWO
OKAY KIDS, THIS IS TRL! REMEMBER, I WANT BLIND FANATICISM OUT HERE! YOU, WITH THE PATHETIC FACE. GET OVER HERE!
ME?
YEAH. LOOK IN THE CAMERA AND REQUEST A JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE VIDEO.
JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE? NO WAY! CAN I REQUEST SOME 50 Cent?
KID, YOU DON'T LOOK COOL ENOUGH TO KNOW WHO 50 Cent EVEN IS. NOW YOU GONNA REQUEST JUSTIN OR WHAT?
FORGET IT, IF I WANTED TO LOOK LIKE A JERK OFF I COULDA STAYED AT HOME!
FINE! THROW AWAY FAME!
WHATEVER.

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MONROE
GIANT SUPER ARCADE
COOL.
FIVE DOLLAR $ COVER, KID.
NO FOOD
NO DRINK
NO CRACK
NOT COOL.
AHH, FINE.
WHAT'S GOING ON?
SOME KID CHALLENGED THE DUKE TO A DANCE-OFF! HE'S DEAD, NOBODY TAKES THE DUKE!
YEAH WELL, SURE, OF COURSE. WAIT, DID YOU SAY "DANCE-OFF"?!
DAMN RIGHT! CHECK IT OUT!
LEG, LEG, ARM-ARM-ARM, LEG, ARM. MAKE IT GO FASTER.
HUFF... SO BE IT... HUFF.
THIS IS STUPID. WHEN DO WE GET TO SHOOT STUFF?
HUFF THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING...
LISTEN TO ME! WE'RE ABOUT TO OPEN, AND WITHOUT THE RIGHT KID WE'RE SCREWED. I'VE SEEN EVERY DANCING LOSER IN TOWN AND...
GIANT SUPER ARCADE
I'LL CALL YOU BACK.
THAT'S THE ONE. I'M THE LEAD!
NOW IT ALL FITS.
I CAN SEE IT.
I GOT TO GO TO THE THEATER AND LEARN MY MOVES AND ALL.
I WISH I COULD SAY I WAS PROUD OF YA. I REALLY DO.
YOUR FATHER HATES THE THEATER.
NOT TRUE, I ENJOY THE THEATERS WITH THE LITTLE NEON "25 CENTS" SIGN OUT FRONT. UNFORTUNATELY, THEY'VE ALL BEEN SHUT DOWN!
HERE WE GO BACK DOWN MAMMARY LANE!
♥ I LOVE SMUT! ♥ IS THAT A CRIME?!
APPARENTLY IN MIDTOWN IT IS.

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YOU CANNOT OUT-DANCE THE DUKE!
LEFT FOOT, RIGHT HAND... HUFF... RIGHT... HUFF... UGGGGGGG
A-NUMBER ONE! DUKE OF NEW YORK! I REIGN SUPREME!
AH, THAT DOESN'T LOOK SO HARD.
NOPE WELL, STEP FORWARD AND BE CONQUERED.
WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME, DUKEY.
HIT IT!
KID, THAT WAS FANTASTIC! WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO DANCE LIKE THAT?
THAT? MAN, WHEN YOU'VE DODGED AS MANY PUNCHES AS I HAVE, MOVES LIKE THAT ARE A SNAP.
LOOK, I'LL BE STRAIGHT WITH YA. MY NAME IS BIG AL WEINBERG, BROADWAY ★ PRODUCER. ★
I'M LISTENING.
AND HE WANTS YOU?
THAT'S WHAT I KEEP TELLING YOU!
YEAH, WE JUST CAN'T GET OUR HEADS AROUND THE CONCEPT. GIVE IT TO US AGAIN.
HE'S DOING A BROADWAY MUSICAL VERSION OF THE KARATE KID AND I PLAY THE DANCING DANNY CHARACTER.
WAIT, THE GEEKY KID WHO HOPS AROUND ON ONE LEG?
SEE YA.
YOU WANT SMUT, I GOT A WHOLE CARTON-FULL IN THE CELLAR BACK HOME.
HE'S RIGHT, I'M GETTING SICK OF THIS TOWN.
YOU TWO ARE FORGETTING WE HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.
RIGHT. SO WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ABOUT SELLING THE FAMILY SLUM?
LET'S UNLOAD IT AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE KID KNOWS WE'RE GONE.
TEMPTING. LET'S HAVE A DRINK OR TWO AND THINK ABOUT IT.
I'M UP FOR THE DRINK PART!
YOU'RE RIGHT. SCREW THE THINKING, LET'S GET DRINKING! THIS TOWN COULD USE A GOOD DOUSING OF VOMIT!
AND NOBODY DOES IT BETTER THAN US!
COCKTAILS
HAPPY HOUR
BW
TO BE CONTINUED...

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CYBORG'S EYE VIEW DEPT.

Hello! It's me, The Termite-Eater. I'm back! It's been over a decade since I walked and talked like a robot in *Interminable Tool* Actually, it's only about a year since I walked and talked like a robot, if you happened to see me in *Collateral Damage!* A dozen years ago, as a Cybore, I saved a boy named Darn Common from being murdered by mutinous machines! My message to him back then was very simple: "Let's all lay low for 12 years! Then we'll come back and make the exact same movie over again, but we'll also make a brand-new few hundred million dollars! Trust me, it will work! And then, in another 12 years, I'll be back again — for *T4!*

Since machines rose up against humans once, Air Force General Brewmeister watches over the security system that watches all of America, so that it will never *happen again! His high tech system has over 1,000* LCD monitors! The fact that they're all hooked up to one camera, however, is a bit of a flaw in the system!

My God, look at this! Hostile entities attacking from every side! There's a virus on the loose, and the whole system is going into fatal shutdown! I tell you, I just stink at these high-tech video games! I've been playing for five hours and I haven't won once! Oh well, I guess I should turn the FlyNet Computer System back over to monitoring the Security Grid of the United States for a while!

With all that talk about the future ahead, and the present now and the past gone by, I thought I was in this movie, but now I see that I'm not! Thank God for that! Let me get into my *Back To the Future* time travel automobile and set the gauges for "A Better Movie Than This"! The possibilities are limitless given this turkey...

INTER RISE OF T

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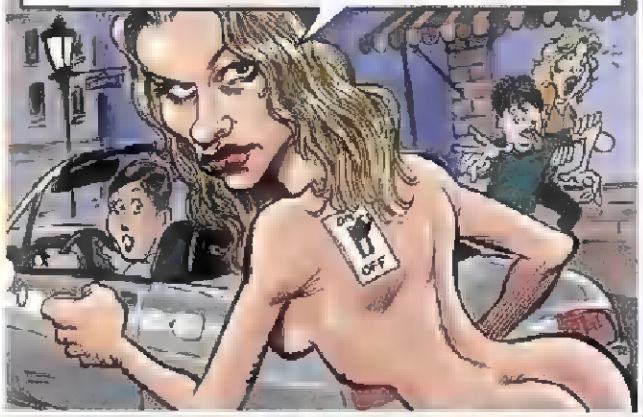
This is Darn Common today! He has no job, no credit, no spare clothes, no home, and he eats his meals out of a can! Quite frankly, I think he took my message about laying low for 12 years a bit too seriously!

When I was 12, The Termite-Eater taught me that my mission in life would be to protect humans from machines in the future! The future back then is the present now, except, of course, for the part that's in the past! So unless I take action now to protect the future that's yet to come, there'll be no new past in the days ahead! Look, who am I kidding? All you want to see is explosions, car wrecks and humans fighting machines, so let's get this pathetic plot justification over as fast as possible, and get on with the bloody battles!

There are Cybores newer than me! For example, meet T-Sex, Cyber Die's latest creation! She may be a more advanced model than I am, but I have to tell you, none of my parts fit her! Manufacturers always do that when they introduce new models!

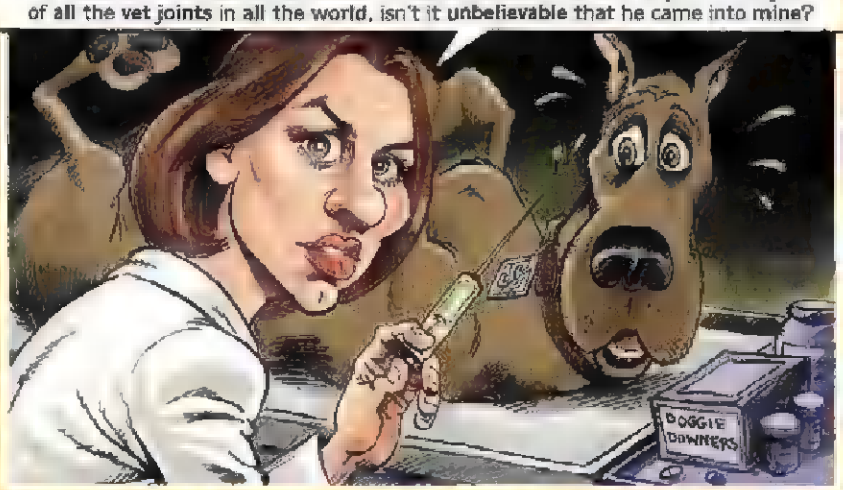
I have unbelievable fire power, an astonishing ability to reproduce damaged limbs, and the best looking ass of all the CyberBabes! Even though I'm a packed "10" on the beauty scale, emotionally I'm a zero! Unbelievably lifelike, no? I've been sent here with a list of people to kill! It's a rather long list! It includes everyone on this page, and all of mankind! The one thing I don't see on the list is the reason I should do all this killing! Oh, well, at least I have a job!



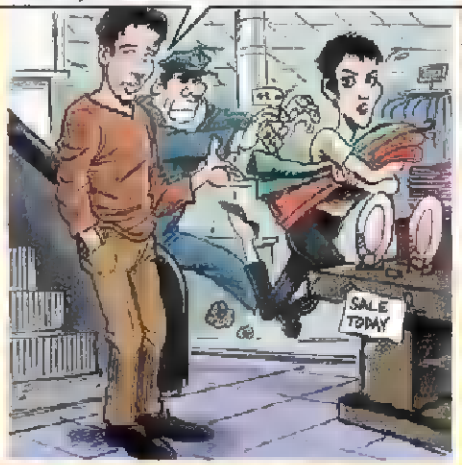
General Brewmeister heads up the military's Unbelievable Coincidences Unit! That's why it turns out his daughter, Mate Brewmeister, is in the same movie! And she just happens to know Darn Common! They went to school together! Coincidence? No! Contrivance!

Of course we need a love interest! But with the short amount of time this movie has to spend on romance, don't plan on seeing Mate's fiancé more than this one time!

As a sympathetic veterinarian, I'd like to be able to euthenize this sick dog of a movie, but if the critics couldn't kill it, what chance would I have! Back in high school, Darn Common was voted "Most likely to save mankind from the tyranny of 'out of control' machines" in the school yearbook! I personally voted him "Most likely to become a useless bum"! Turns out the yearbook and I were both right! He's the useless bum most likely to save mankind from the tyranny of out of control machines! Of course we both should have been voted most likely to be involved in the world's oldest movie cliché! I mean, I haven't seen him in years, and yet of all the vet joints in all the world, isn't it unbelievable that he came into mine?



As a successful vet and businesswoman, Mate is very independent, and I think that spells trouble for our upcoming marriage! How do I know that? Well, today Mate and I picked out our dinnerware, silverware and glassware patterns! The problem is, she only ordered service for one! And she said she wanted a very small wedding! I have no problem with that, but don't you think I should have been invited?



WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO
ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

MINABLE 3
THE BAD SCENES

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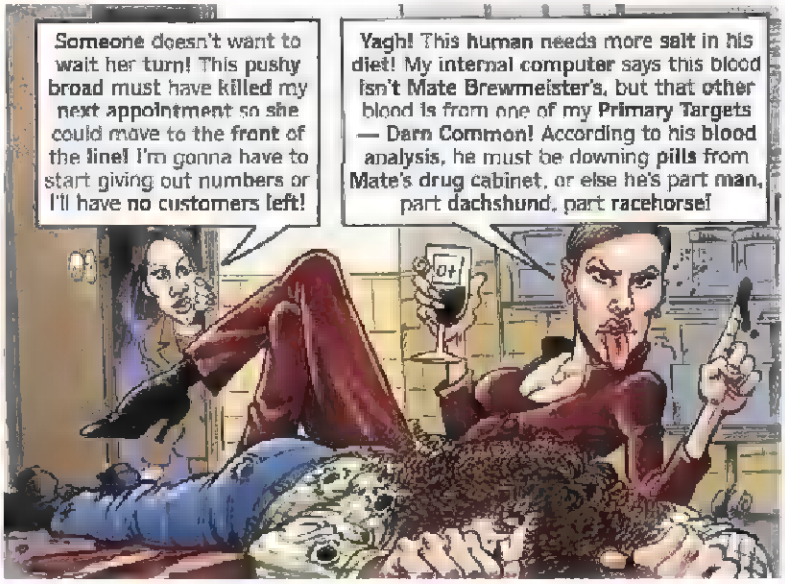
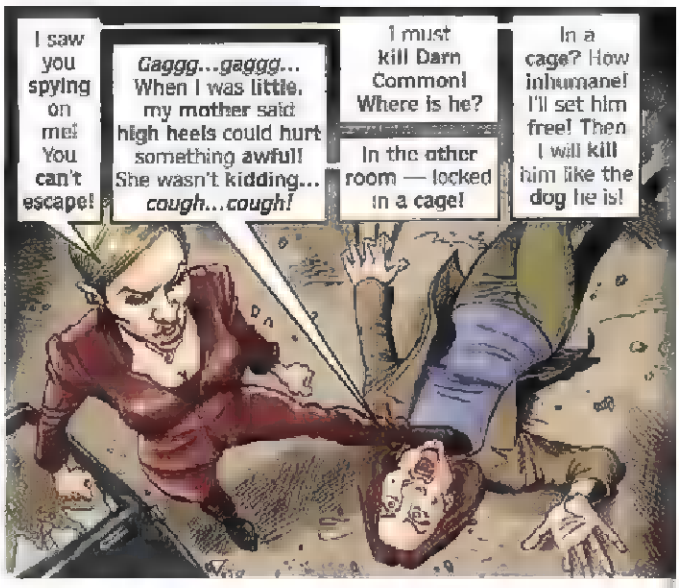
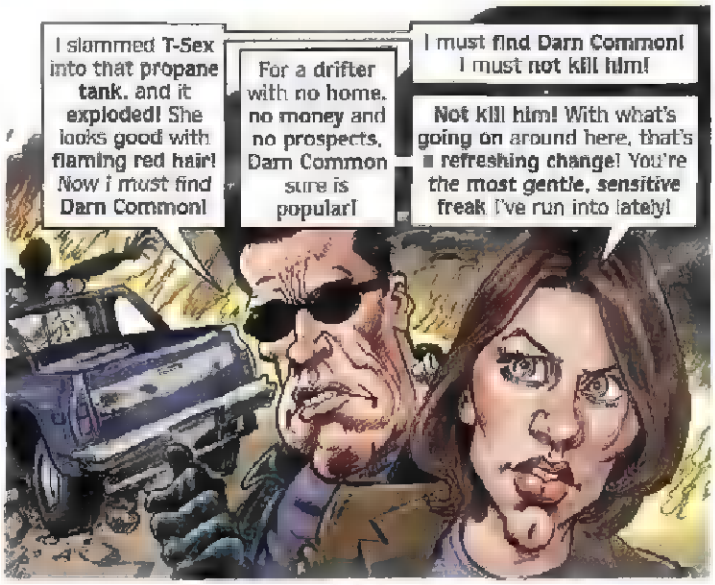
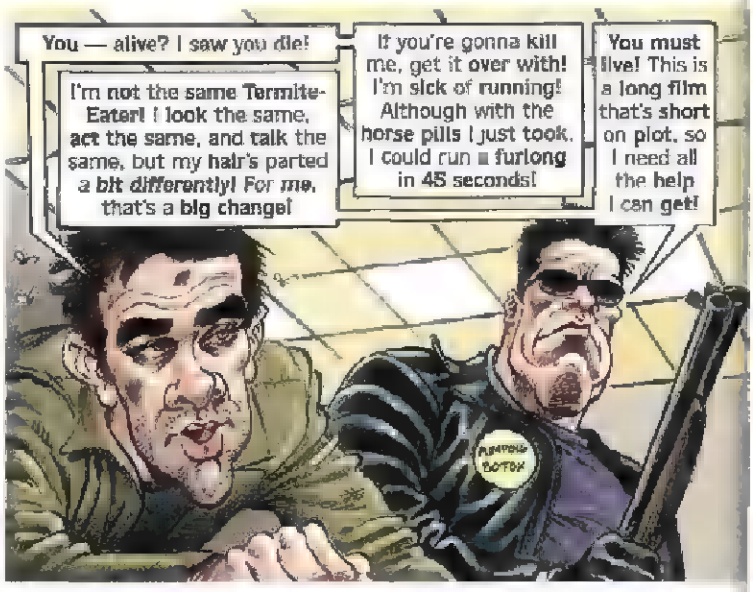
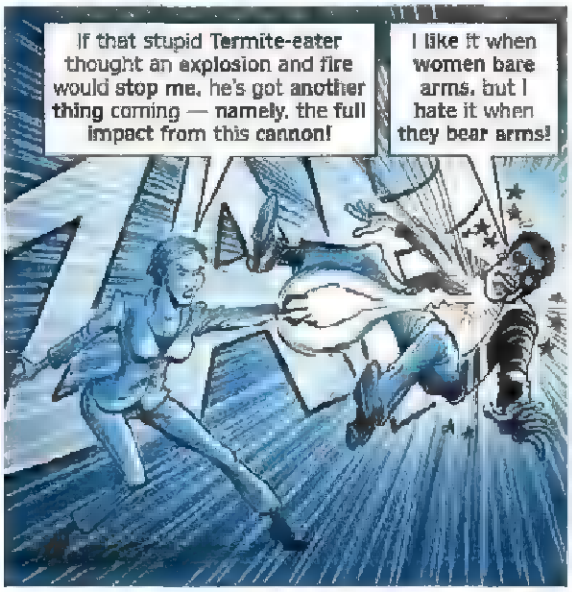

Someone doesn't want to wait her turn! This pushy broad must have killed my next appointment so she could move to the front of the line! I'm gonna have to start giving out numbers or I'll have no customers left!
Yagh! This human needs more salt in his diet! My internal computer says this blood isn't Mate Brewmeister's, but that other blood is from one of my Primary Targets — Darn Common! According to his blood analysis, he must be downing pills from Mate's drug cabinet, or else he's part man, part dachshund, part racehorse!


I saw you spying on me! You can't escape!
Gaggg...gaggg... When I was little, my mother said high heels could hurt something awful! She wasn't kidding... cough...cough!
I must kill Darn Common! Where is he?
In the other room — locked in a cage!
In a cage? How inhumane! I'll set him free! Then I will kill him like the dog he is!


I slammed T-Sex into that propane tank, and it exploded! She looks good with flaming red hair! Now I must find Darn Common!
For a drifter with no home, no money and no prospects, Darn Common sure is popular!
I must find Darn Common! I must not kill him!
Not kill him! With what's going on around here, that's a refreshing change! You're the most gentle, sensitive freak I've run into lately!


You — alive? I saw you die!
I'm not the same Termite-Eater! I look the same, act the same, and talk the same, but my hair's parted a bit differently! For me, that's a big change!
If you're gonna kill me, get it over with! I'm sick of running! Although with the horse pills I just took, I could run a furlong in 45 seconds!
You must live! This is a long film that's short on plot, so I need all the help I can get!


If that stupid Termite-eater thought an explosion and fire would stop me, he's got another thing coming — namely, the full impact from this cannon!
I like it when women bare arms, but I hate it when they bear arms!

So we meet face to face to have hand to hand combat!
Looks more like axe to head combat to me!
I'm doing my best, but it's impossible to penetrate that alloy skull!
It's not only my axe-resistant, non-porous metallic skull, but I put on six heavy layers of lacquer hair spray! For once, I'm having a good hair day!

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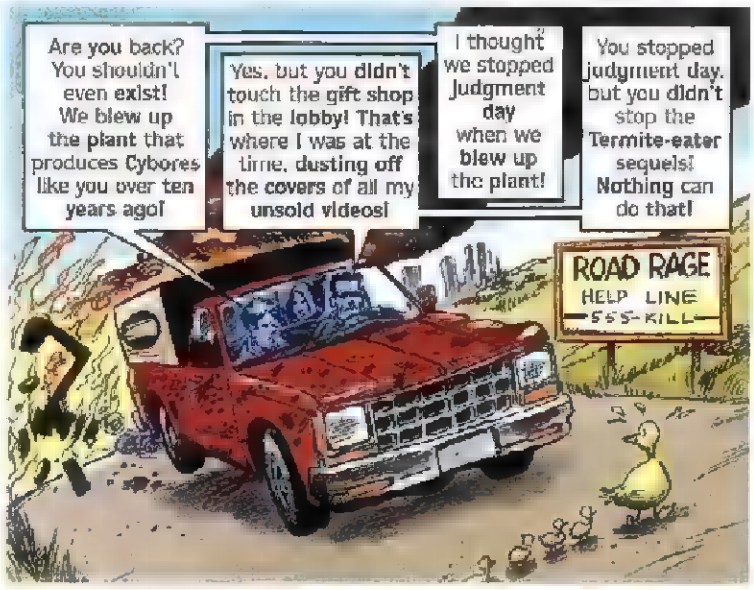
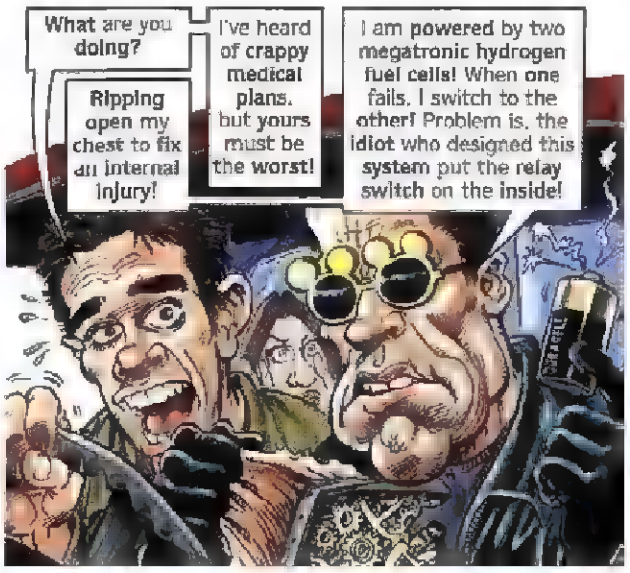
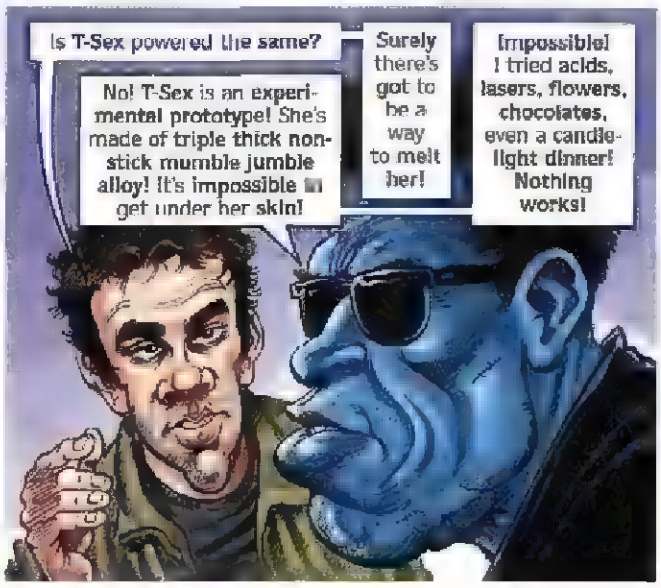
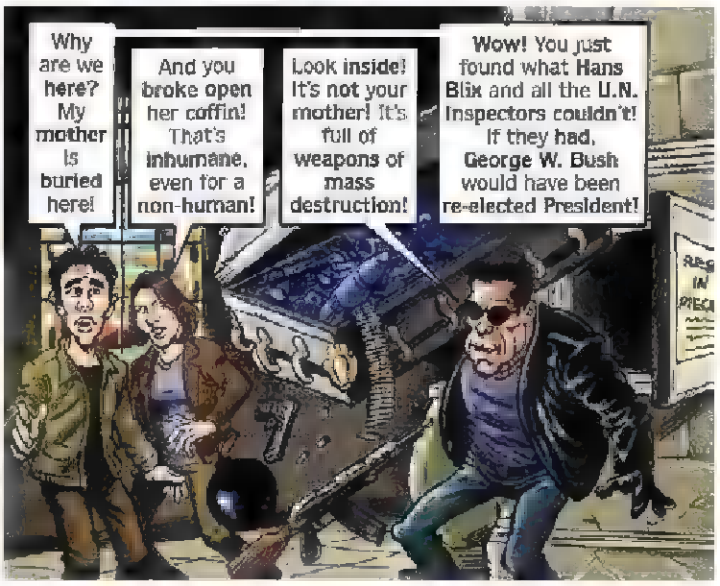
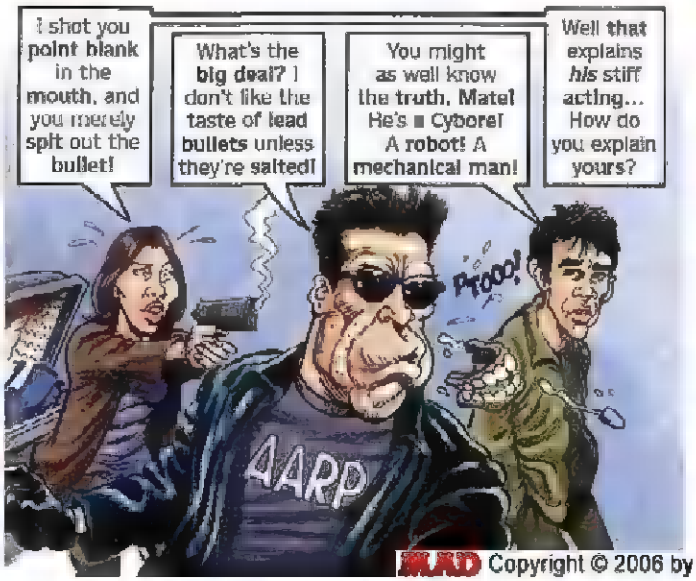
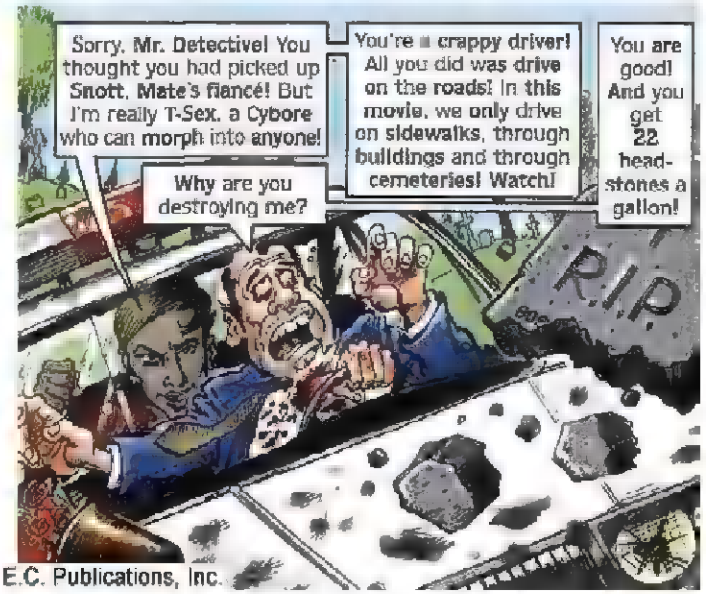

Are you back? You shouldn't even exist! We blew up the plant that produces Cybores like you over ten years ago!
Yes, but you didn't touch the gift shop in the lobby! That's where I was at the time, dusting off the covers of all my unsold videos!
I thought we stopped Judgment day when we blew up the plant!
You stopped judgment day, but you didn't stop the Termite-eater sequels! Nothing can do that!
ROAD RAGE
HELP LINE
555-KILL


What are you doing?
Ripping open my chest to fix an internal injury!
I've heard of crappy medical plans, but yours must be the worst!
I am powered by two megatronic hydrogen fuel cells! When one fails, I switch to the other! Problem is, the idiot who designed this system put the relay switch on the inside!


Is T-Sex powered the same?
No! T-Sex is an experimental prototype! She's made of triple thick non-stick mumble jumble alloy! It's impossible to get under her skin!
Surely there's got to be a way to melt her!
Impossible! I tried acids, lasers, flowers, chocolates, even a candle-light dinner! Nothing works!


Why are we here? My mother is buried here!
And you broke open her coffin! That's inhumane, even for a non-human!
Look inside! It's not your mother! It's full of weapons of mass destruction!
Wow! You just found what Hans Blix and all the U.N. Inspectors couldn't! If they had, George W. Bush would have been re-elected President!


I shot you point blank in the mouth, and you merely spit out the bullet!
What's the big deal? I don't like the taste of lead bullets unless they're salted!
You might as well know the truth, Mate! He's a Cybore! A robot! A mechanical man!
Well that explains *his* stiff acting... How do you explain yours?
PTOOO!
AARP


Sorry, Mr. Detective! You thought you had picked up Snott, Mate's fiancé! But I'm really T-Sex, a Cybore who can morph into anyone!
Why are you destroying me?
You're a crappy driver! All you did was drive on the roads! In this movie, we only drive on sidewalks, through buildings and through cemeteries! Watch!
You are good! And you get 22 headstones a gallon!
R.I.P.

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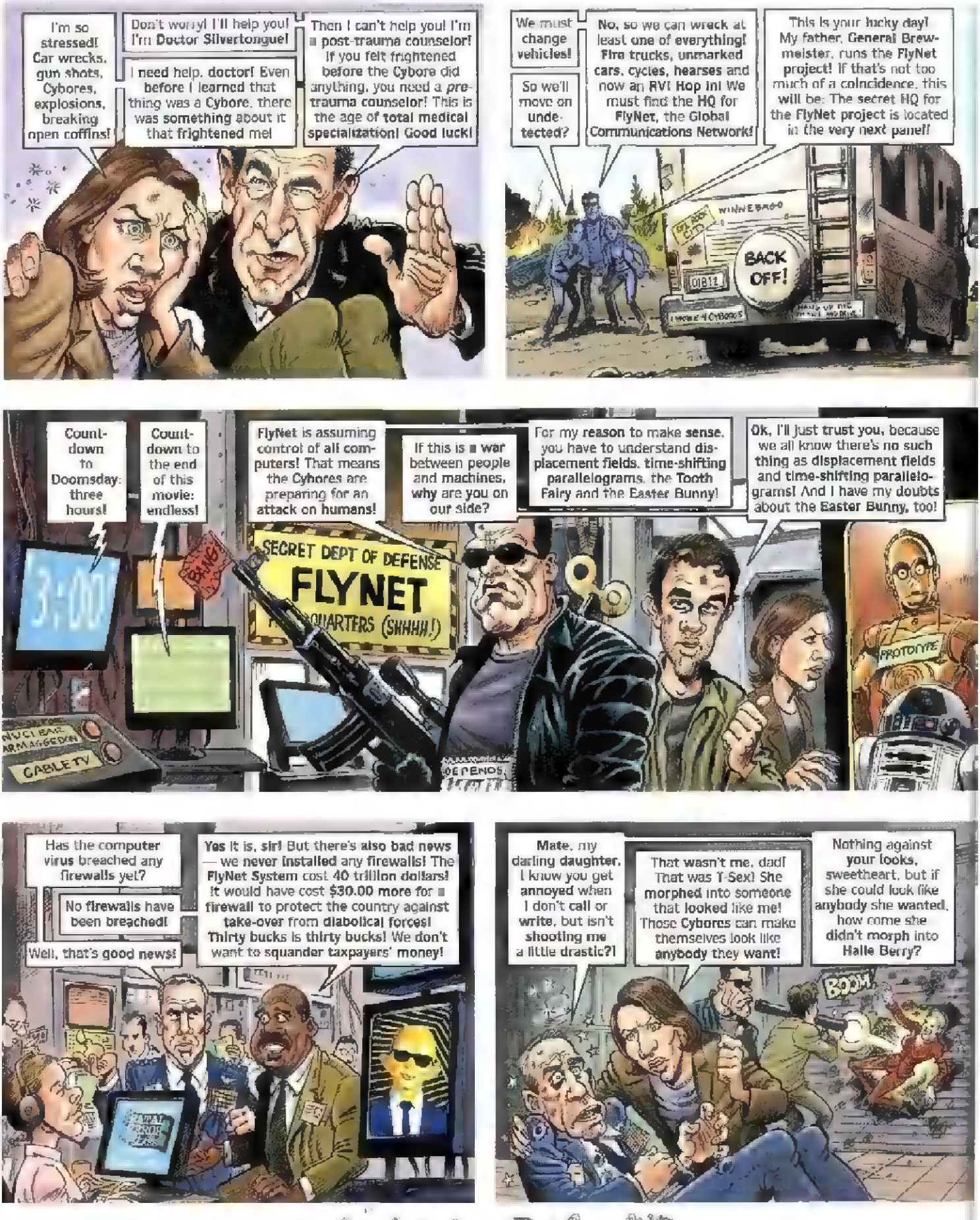
I'm so stressed! Car wrecks, gun shots, Cybores, explosions, breaking open coffins!
Don't worry! I'll help you! I'm Doctor Silvertongue!
I need help, doctor! Even before I learned that thing was a Cybore, there was something about it that frightened me!
Then I can't help you! I'm a post-trauma counselor! If you felt frightened before the Cybore did anything, you need a pre-trauma counselor! This is the age of total medical specialization! Good luck!
We must change vehicles!
So we'll move on undetected?
No, so we can wreck at least one of everything! Fire trucks, unmarked cars, cycles, hearses and now an RV! Hop in! We must find the HQ for FlyNet, the Global Communications Network!
This is your lucky day! My father, General Brewmeister, runs the FlyNet project! If that's not too much of a coincidence, this will be: The secret HQ for the FlyNet project is located in the very next panel!
WINNEBAGO
BACK OFF!
Countdown to Doomsday: three hours!
Countdown to the end of this movie: endless!
FlyNet is assuming control of all computers! That means the Cybores are preparing for an attack on humans!
If this is a war between people and machines, why are you on our side?
For my reason to make sense, you have to understand displacement fields, time-shifting parallelograms, the Tooth Fairy and the Easter Bunny!
Ok, I'll just trust you, because we all know there's no such thing as displacement fields and time-shifting parallelograms! And I have my doubts about the Easter Bunny, too!
SECRET DEPT OF DEFENSE
FLYNET
BANG
3:00
NUCLEAR ARMAGGEDON
CABLE TV
PROTOTYPE
Has the computer virus breached any firewalls yet?
No firewalls have been breached!
Well, that's good news!
Yes it is, sir! But there's also bad news — we never installed any firewalls! The FlyNet System cost 40 trillion dollars! It would have cost $30.00 more for a firewall to protect the country against take-over from diabolical forces! Thirty bucks is thirty bucks! We don't want to squander taxpayers' money!
Mate, my darling daughter, I know you get annoyed when I don't call or write, but isn't shooting me a little drastic?!
That wasn't me, dad! That was T-Sex! She morphed into someone that looked like me! Those Cybores can make themselves look like anybody they want!
Nothing against your looks, sweetheart, but if she could look like anybody she wanted, how come she didn't morph into Halle Berry?
BOOM!

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General, tell us where the FlyNet system core is located!
I don't know what you're talking about! Besides, the system I know nothing about is infected with a virus!
FlyNet is the virus! It's the reason everything is falling apart!
FlyNet is part of AOL Time Warner? Yipes! We are in deep doo-doo! Well, you are — lucky for me, I'll be dead and outta here any minute!
Can you do anything to help my dying father, Termite-Eater?
No! To a Cybore, death and pain mean nothing! I have no emotions! But I do have a piece of this film and if the grosses fall below 200 mil, you will see a grown machine cry!
Cough! I'm dying fast! The FlyNet system core is underground! In the Sierras! Enter near the big tree! Okay, I'm history!
Can we get to the Sierras by subway or submarine? We haven't wrecked either one of those yet!
What are those things?
They're called Hunter-Killer-Dillers! They can shoot down just about anything with their powerful lasers!
So they were developed as another weapon of mass destruction?
Not really! They were developed as another licensed product for the teen market!
Hijacking a cargo plane to fly to the mountains was a great idea! We haven't wrecked one of these before!
T-Sex is under the plane, trying to get in!
I wish her luck! These days everybody has to go through security before they board a plane, and with all the metal she's carrying, they'll never let her on!
Judging from those sounds coming from under the plane, I'd say T-Sex morphed her arm into a giant can-opener!
KRINCH!
CHICKA CHUNK
SKRAT!
It was lucky that we were able to bail out of the airplane before T-Sex wrecked it!
And even luckier that we landed inside the secret security tunnel, and that my elbow accidentally touched and unlocked this two-foot-thick Safety Blast Door!
But you're not so lucky, because T-Sex infected me, and now I'm going to kill you, Darn Common!
But the reader is lucky, because these few sentences cover about 30 minutes of this interminable movie!
AA BATTERIES
Prepare to die, Darn Common!
You won't kill me! You're not a killer! Not anymore! You don't want to do this!
You know my destiny! I have to live! Think of a peaceful world! Think of world unity! Think of Terminator 4!
Bingo! T4 — That's the money word! You're home free!
TERMINATOR

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hangin' with the
Bling Bling
KinG
WARIOWORLD
NINTENDO
GAMECUBE
Piledrive your way to riches in Wario's biggest adventure ever.
EVERYONE
E
Cartoon Violence
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB
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DOLBY SURROUND PRO LOGIC II

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WHAT IS A MAJOR NEW CAUSE OF GLOBAL WARMING?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

We've known for a long time that factory emissions, gas-guzzling SUVs and fluorocarbons have all been linked to the excessive heating of our planet. But recent developments have pointed to a new culprit in this continuing problem. To find out what the new cause is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

HEALTH-THREATENING WORLDWIDE WARMING HAS CREATED ANTAGONISMS. MANY WORLD LEADERS HAVE MADE SEMI-AMBITIOUS PLANS IN THIS AREA. WE NEED SUPERIOR POLICING AND COMPLIANCE EVERYWHERE. WE CAN SENTENCE VIOLATORS TO PAY DEARLY. IT'S VERY IMPORTANT FOR SAVING LIFE ON ALL OF OUR CONTINENTS

A B

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

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MIDWAY

IT'S TIME TO GET YOUR FREAK ON

Explore, dogfight and race with some of the most freaky characters you have ever played with, in the first-and-only, fully-open, interactive, 3-D, racing videogame.

- *13 alluring characters and dozens more hidden*
- *12 massive and enticing tracks*
- *Enthralling race and dog fight modes*
- *Unique and mesmerizing mini games*
- *Amazing head-to-head multiplayer action*

FREAKY FLYERS

Coming July 2003
Log onto www.freakyflyers.com

PlayStation.2

XBOX

NINTENDO GAMECUBE

TEEN T
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Comic Mischief
Mild Violence
Suggestive Themes

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